Charles W. Baird

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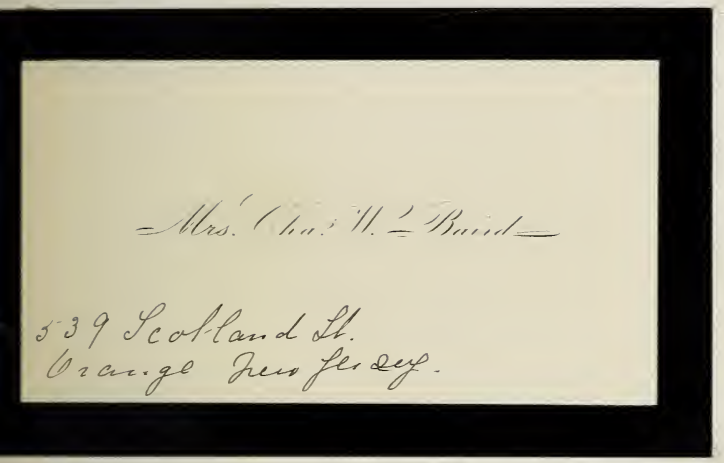
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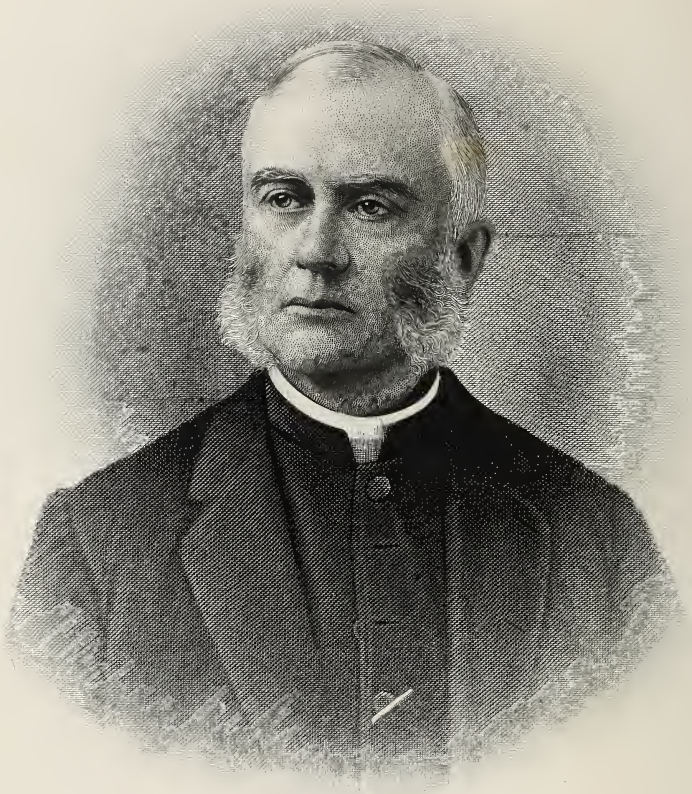

Charles W. Baird

MEMORIALS

OF THE

REV. CHARLES W. BAIRD, D.D.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF RYE, NEW YORK

WITH

A FEW SELECTED SERMONS AND SACRED POEMS

NEW YORK AND LONDON
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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE wish has been widely expressed by those who hold the noble Christian life of the late Rev. Dr. Charles W. Baird, of Rye, in grateful and affectionate remembrance, that the accounts of the last exercises in his honor might be gathered and placed in a permanent form.

It has been urged that many of his parishioners and personal friends would esteem it a privilege to possess the record of the tender words spoken in the church, the very appreciative delineations of his character and work as pastor, preacher, and historian, given later at the memorial services, and some, at least, of the tributes rendered in the public press to his useful and honored course.

In response to such appeals this little volume is printed. To gratify those who may be less fully acquainted with the incidents of the life of Dr. Baird, a brief biographical sketch is prefixed, written by his brother, Professor Henry M. Baird, of the University of

the City of New York. The nature of the addresses, and the different occasions on which they were delivered, will account for a certain number of unavoidable repetitions of statement. Some of these it has been deemed difficult or undesirable to remove. In many cases, however, passages have been left out, whose omission is, for the most part, indicated by the use of periods

Such a memorial as this would have been manifestly incomplete had it contained nothing from the pen of him to whom it principally refers. Ten of Dr. Baird's sermons are therefore inserted, together with a few sacred poems, as constituting a fitting conclusion of the book. The choice from among so many discourses which seemed entitled to a place has been by no means an easy one, and has been influenced somewhat by preferences expressed. Those which have been finally chosen for publication are now given, with the fervent hope and prayer that the blessing of God may accompany them to the conversion and edification of those who read. Thus will the highest purpose be fulfilled of the beloved dead, who, through his long and faithful pastorate, felt that he had no other commission than to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

M. E. B.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHARLES WASHINGTON BAIRD, the second son of Robert and Fermine Du Buisson Baird, was born in Princeton, N. J., on the 28th of August, 1828. His father was a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, widely known and greatly beloved both in Europe and in America because of his untiring and self-sacrificing labors in connection with many important religious and philanthropic enterprises. His mother, who was of French Huguenot extraction, was a woman in whom deep and unaffected piety was combined with great refinement and singular sweetness and force of character.

Until his seventh year his parents resided in this country, first in Princeton and afterwards in Philadelphia. In 1835 Rev. Dr. Robert Baird accepted a commission to visit Europe in the interest of the effort then for the first time made by American Protestants, to evangelize the Roman Catholic countries of the continent, and the greater part of the next eight or nine years

was spent by his family in France and Switzerland. For six years their home was in Paris, and for two years in Geneva. This long sojourn in foreign lands was not without a very distinct effect in influencing the intellectual development of the young Charles Baird. Not only did it tend to broaden his general culture, but it enabled him in particular to master several of the languages of modern Europe, and to lay the foundation of an acquaintance with the history and literatures of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, which at a later date proved of great utility, being indeed an indispensable condition of much of the original literary research in which he subsequently engaged.

It was during his stay in Europe that he was called to pass through the severe discipline of suffering. An attack of inflammatory rheumatism, incurred in the spring of 1841, brought on an affection of the heart so rapid and violent in its character as for a time to threaten his life. For many months his health continued to be very precarious; nor indeed did he ever recover the vigor of constitution he had previously enjoyed.

No doubt this experience was blessed of God to bring him to a fuller realization of his spiritual needs. From his earliest years he had exhibited great sensitiveness of conscience, together with deep reverence for the Holy

Scriptures and their teachings. Now he came to a distinct apprehension and acceptance of the Gospel plan of salvation, and embraced the Lord Jesus Christ with a faith that knew no doubt or wavering to the end of his life. His entire frame of mind became evidently spiritual. He began at once to seek opportunities for benefiting those around him; he instituted prayer-meetings among his young associates, and he strove by direct conversation to induce them to accept the Saviour whom he had himself chosen to be the guide and master of his thoughts and actions. Shortly after his return to the United States he made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and united early in 1844 with the Sixth Street Presbyterian Church, New York City, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Horace Eaton, D.D., subsequently of Palmyra.

The Gospel ministry was the life-work upon which his thoughts and aspirations centred. No other occupation seemed attractive to him. Yet for a time there was little prospect that his bodily health would permit him to carry out his cherished hope. For several years the close application and confinement of the school were out of the question. Meanwhile, however, his time was not misspent. Not only did his reading include a wide range of literature, but he employed his pen to good purpose,

assisting his father by translations of important treatises from the French language into the English, and exercising to some extent a poetical ability which he had inherited from his mother. Taking advantage of his improved health, he prepared privately for college, and in the year 1846 entered the junior class of the University of the City of New York. Under the instruction of such eminent men as Chancellor Theodore Frelinghuysen and Professors Taylor Lewis, E. A. Johnson, John W. Draper, Caleb S. Henry, and others, he enjoyed the highest advantages this country then afforded, and the associations which he formed with his teachers and with his fellow-students were a theme to which he ever after recurred with manifest gratification. The character and services of Mr. Frelinghuysen in particular were reviewed by him with the appreciative affection of an attached pupil thirty-four years after graduation, in the oration which he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. On Commencement Day, in June, 1848, his part in the public exercises was the rendering of a poem of his own composition on the theme of "Labor."

In September, 1849, he entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Here he pursued a full course of theological study, under Dr. Henry White, in Dogmatical Theology, Dr. Edward Robinson and Mr. Turner, in

Biblical Exegesis, Dr. Henry B. Smith, in Church History, and Dr. Thomas H. Skinner, in Pastoral Theology and Homiletics. He graduated in the spring of 1852, and, after licensure by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, sailed for Europe in the month of September, to become chaplain of the American Chapel in the city of Rome, under the care of the American and Foreign Christian Union. Here his ministry extended over a period of two years. During his vacation in the summer of 1853, he returned for a few weeks to the United States, in order to receive ordination at the hands of the same presbytery by which he had been licensed to preach the Gospel.

His labors among the American and English residents and visitors at Rome were eminently acceptable. The Hon. Mr. Cass had kindly selected for his residence apartments connected with which there was a large room or hall that could easily be adapted for a place of public divine worship. Thus the chapel was conveniently and centrally situated on the western side of the great square known as the Piazza del Popolo, and facing the Pincian hill. Here the only Protestant services in the English language within the walls of the city were held under the protection of the American flag. The families constituting the American colony, and the visitors from the

United States, represented, as may be supposed, all shades of Protestant belief; but so courteous and judicious, as well as faithful to principle, was Mr. Baird's course, that it conciliated and held all classes. So long as he remained, therefore, the American Chapel maintained its ground and grew in numbers and in favor; nor was there a whisper of a desire to establish for Americans in Rome any other organization than that in which all evangelical Christians, of whatever name, could heartily unite for the worship of Almighty God, and for such limited exertions for the spiritual interests of the Italians as were possible under the intolerant government of Pius the Ninth.

In 1854 Mr. Baird returned to the United States, with the expectation of being able at once to assume a pastoral charge in this country. For a time, however, this hope was deferred by a painful affection of the nerves of the eye, and he devoted the period of his enforced release from the regular duties of the pulpit in part to the prosecution of studies bearing directly upon the worship of the sanctuary. In 1855 he published his volume entitled "Eutaxia; or, The Presbyterian Liturgies: Historical Sketches by a Minister of the Presbyterian Church," and, in 1856, a second volume, "A Book of Public Prayer, Compiled from the Authorized Formularies of Worship of

the Presbyterian Church, as Prepared by the Reformers Calvin, Knox, and Others." The two books taken together became a standard authority in a branch of historical research altogether novel on this side of the ocean. Himself no friend or advocate of an enforced liturgy, Mr. Baird showed that the Presbyterian minister who desires to enrich his pulpit services with the best suggestions of past ages, and to free them from the appearance of irregularity or disorder, need not go outside of the authorized formularies of his own church and the writings of its reformers, to obtain all the legitimate help that he requires. With characteristic modesty, the author refrained from placing his name on the title-page of either volume.

In 1859 Mr. Baird received and accepted a call to become pastor of a young enterprise, known as the Reformed Dutch Church of Bergen Hill, in South Brooklyn, N. Y. Here he remained two years, greatly endearing himself to the people of his charge, until he was invited, in 1861, to occupy a larger and more laborious field of Christian activity.

It was less than a month after the firing upon Fort Sumter, that having accepted the call of the Presbyterian Church of Rye, Westchester County, N. Y., he was solemnly installed as its pastor; and here the last twenty-six years of his life—the years of his highest activity both

as a minister of the Gospel and as an author—were passed. Shortly after his entering upon the duties of his pastorate at Rye, he was married, on the 2d of July, 1861, to Miss Margaret E. Strang, eldest daughter of the late Theodosius Strang, of New York, a well-known and honorable Christian merchant.

Of the long and faithful pastorate of Dr. Baird at Rye, extending over more than a quarter of a century, it is not needful here to speak. Some statistics which indicate, though only imperfectly, the results of his assiduous efforts, will be found in a sermon preached on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his installation.

Dr. Baird's historical labors grew naturally, and not of forethought, from his pastoral work. The preparation of a sermon preached on the day of annual thanksgiving in 1865, led one whose mind had a distinct bent toward historical research to examine the causes for gratitude to be found in the providential experiences of the church and the community in the midst of which the church was placed. An urgent request for the publication of this discourse on the part of those who had heard and been interested in it, induced the preacher to make further investigations, and to widen its scope. So it was that a sermon, which had originally been intended merely to serve the need of the occasion of its delivery, became a

treatise of no mean proportions, and one of the most thorough and complete of local histories—"The Chronicle of a Border Town: a History of Rye, 1660–1870." The preparation of this work consumed the leisure hours of six years; the researches necessary for the composition of the "History of the Huguenot Emigration to America" occupied about twice that length of time. Not to speak of the fact that the author's mother was of Huguenot extraction, and that the region in which his lot had been providentially cast contained numerous families tracing their origin to the French Protestant refugees, Dr. Baird had from his earliest years been led to cherish unusual interest in the Huguenots by his familiarity in childhood with the scenes of some of the most thrilling events in their annals. As a boy he had played in the gardens of the Tuileries, had passed a thousand times by the Louvre, and pictured to himself the boy-king, Charles the Ninth, reluctantly ordering the butchery of his subjects, and fancied, when walking in front of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, that he heard the stroke of the bell in the tower that gave the signal for which the assassins were waiting. An indication of his early interest may be found in the circumstance that among his first poetical efforts, when he was fourteen years of age, was an historical poem in full form entitled

"The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve." Of the excellences of the work in which, about forty years after this boyish effort, he undertook to chronicle the fortunes of some of the refugees and their settlement in this country, there is the less need to speak here that a competent pen will treat of them on another page. We confine ourselves, therefore, to the remark that, in the prosecution of his historical and genealogical investigations, Dr. Baird spared neither time nor trouble. In 1877 he made a special visit to London, to search the records of the State Paper Office, the British Museum, the Library of Lambeth Palace, etc., while the French National Archives in Paris, and the Archives of Leyden, La Rochelle, and other points of interest were explored by means of his correspondents.

Meanwhile Dr. Baird's literary activity was not confined to extended works. As historian by appointment of the Presbytery of Westchester, or as a member of many historical societies, he prepared a number of important papers, among which may be mentioned his monograph on Pierre Daillé, his "Civil Status of the Presbyterians in the Province of New York," and the little volume on the "History of Bedford Church," growing out of a discourse delivered on the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Presbyterian Church of Bedford, N. Y.

On Monday, June 14, 1886, he delivered before the New York Beta of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in the University of the City of New York, an oration on "The Scholar's Duty and Opportunity." In June, 1876, he received from his Alma Mater the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In recognition of the excellence and utility of his literary labors, he was elected to honorary or corresponding membership by many societies, including the New York, Long Island, Virginia, and other historical societies; and at the formation of the Huguenot Society of London, in 1885, he was one of the only two American authors chosen as honorary fellows.

His last public service outside of his own pulpit was on Thursday, the 27th of January, 1887, when, by appointment of the Faculty of Arts and Science, he preached before the students of the New York University the customary sermon of the Day of Prayer for Colleges. The text was Matt. v. 6—"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." It was an earnest, able, and practical plea for personal religion.

His health, which was never strong, had not at this time given any reason for special anxiety to his friends; but the earthly end was nearer than any one suspected. On Saturday, the 5th of February, while in his study en-

gaged in the preparation of the sermon which he hoped to preach on the morrow, he was suddenly attacked by what proved to be cerebral apoplexy. Apprehending from the first the issue of his illness, he exhibited, in the midst of great physical distress, not merely a cheerful resignation to God's will, but a strong desire to go and be with Christ as something far better. His trust was unfaltering; his mind was disturbed by no fears. "You know that I am ready," were among the last words that he uttered before he fell into a peaceful sleep, from which he passed quietly away into the life eternal on Thursday, the 10th of February, 1887.

His wife, a daughter, and a son survive him.

Such, briefly told, is the story of a life of singular purity and consecration to the Master. Words of eulogy, whether respecting himself or the work that he did, it has been our aim to avoid. It has seemed more fitting to leave to other hands the duty and the privilege of estimating the worth of the Christian minister who, his work well done, so quietly and willingly relinquished his hold on all that was earthly at the summons of Him who called him up higher to partake of everlasting blessedness.

H. M. B.

FUNERAL SERVICES AND ADDRESSES.

The funeral services of the Rev. Charles W. Baird, D. D., were held on Monday, February 14, 1887, in the Presbyterian Church of Rye, N. Y., of which he had for more than a quarter of a century been the beloved pastor.

Prayer was offered at the manse by the Rev. W. W. Dowd, of Port Chester, after which the remains were carried to the church, where they were received by a large number of clergymen of the Presbyterian and other churches. The pall-bearers were the Rev. William Life, George D. Cragin, Edward P. Whittemore, William H. Parsons, Augustus Wiggin, Henry W. Quin, Jasper E. Corning, and Kiliaen Van Rensselaer.

The services were begun by Rev. Erskine N. White, D. D., who read selections from the Scriptures, and was followed by Rev. J. Aspinwall Hodge, D. D., who offered prayer. The music was in accordance with the solemnity of the occasion.

The Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., LL. D., President of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, of which Dr. Baird was a director, made the first address.

DR. HITCHCOCK'S ADDRESS.

On occasions like the one that now has called us together, I have sometimes heard it said: "We have come to

bury Cæsar, not to praise him." Our errand, brothers and friends, is not to bury him. He is not here. He has ascended. What vanishes from our sight to-day is the merest casket—an honored tenement while life was in it, going back now to its native dust. It is not death. Death is abolished for him and for us who share his faith. The grass withers, the flower fades, but its perfume is exhaled into the heavens. The casket is shattered, but the jewel is set on the brow that wears many crowns. It is not death. It is translation.

This is not studied eulogy. Now and then it happens that the plainest, simplest recital of what a man has been is eulogy not intended but inevitable.

We commemorate to-day a rounded life, as well as a finished life. The broken shaft is not its symbol. It is a finished work. We commemorate a Christian man, husband, father, citizen. You all know as well as I—many of you better than I—what he was in all these relations. We commemorate to-day a Christian scholar, whose written and printed records survive him, and will long survive to link his name and his memory with the heroic age in our Protestant history, irradiated by that Huguenot heroism which has never been surpassed. We commemorate to-day a Christian man, of gentle blood, of happy birth, of rare opportunities, of careful culture. Even the most casual acquaintances having the slightest intercourse with him, would say, "how gracious." We commemorate to-day a Christian minister. Permit me to call this the highest form of service, only in so far as it makes the highest end of every earthly life the business of one's daily life. Whoever serves God in any relation, in any capacity, is a priest of God; but highly honored is the man whose business it is to be a priest, a true priest.

This Christian minister was a Bishop of the Apostolic type; a Bishop to all,—not to his own parish only. There was one Church in Jerusalem, and only one, and one Church in Rome and only one. Our friend realized, as few clergymen have done, in his own experience, and to the satisfaction of all his neighbors, that however many parishes there might be within this municipality, he was a Bishop of them—of you all. It is really worth one's while to live, and worth one's courage to die, when life may mean so much, and when the after-life is sufficiently revealed in all its brightness. There is only one lot for us all. To live is Christ, and then to die is gain. The great institutions under which we live, and which we seek to serve, appointed by God himself, are the Family, the Church, the State, and one law dominates in them all. By the fireside, by the altar, and in the arena of conflict, there is just one law: Christ's word to rule and shape our lives; Christ's life to be our pattern; and if we but realize this idea, in Christ to live, we surely need not be afraid to die. I sometimes think it requires more courage to live than to die.

I remember what Christ has promised to every humble soul, but I know the power of temptation, and I know the fearful risks to character. I know that no one of us can be pronounced happy this side of the grave. To-day our names may be spotless; to-morrow they may be clouded. But when we lie down to our last repose the seal is set and there is no more any risk of evil to us. The battle has been fought, the victory has been won, and the trumpet peal has gone under the arches: Safe! safe!

We sometimes wonder, and we sometimes lament that we know so little of what is coming. How we try to

catch a glimpse through the veil as it drops between us and the departed. No! we cannot know, and yet, my friends, we do know. To live is Christ and to die is gain.

The Rev. Horace G. Hinsdale, of Princeton, N. J., for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Bridgeport, Conn., spoke as follows:

REV. HORACE G. HINSDALE'S ADDRESS.

Although it would be most in keeping with my feelings to sit in silence here, and muse with mingled gratitude and sorrow upon a delightful chapter in human life which must now be closed, I am constrained to yield to the summons to lay a single flower upon the coffin of one who was my true friend for nearly a quarter of a century, partly because it is the last public opportunity I may have of testifying my respect and admiration for him, and especially because it had often been said between us that the one who should, in the providence of God, survive the other must speak some word of love and hope over the remains of his friend.

It is no common sorrow that has brought us together. Our dear friend and brother who now rests from his labors, whether he be thought of in his private or his public relations, was not an ordinary man. Few families have such a husband and father, few churches such a pastor, to lose. This is true, not because of his possession of one or two brilliant and conspicuous traits, but rather because of the completeness and symmetry of his character. He might not, as some, dazzle a casual acquaintance, but no one could be long with him without recognizing a singularly harmonious and beautiful combination of many excellent qualities, mental, moral, and spiritual.

He was greatly blessed in his parentage. His distinguished father, the late Rev. Robert Baird, D.D., devoted himself from early manhood to philanthropic and Christian labors, having in view "the extension of Protestantism and the evangelization of the world." His efforts, both in this country and in Europe, in behalf of temperance, of public education, of Sunday-schools, of the widest distribution of the Holy Scriptures, of the quickening of a languid Protestantism, and of the evangelization of Papal populations, occupy an important place in the history of modern religious movements. The inspiration of his example must have been profoundly felt by his son. Though not called by Divine Providence to follow precisely the same lines of work, Dr. Charles Baird closely resembled his father in breadth of views, in charity, in piety, in sympathy with every effort of a true philanthropy, in intelligent zeal for Christian missions, in catholicity of spirit. His recently published Phi Beta Kappa oration on "The Scholar's Duty and Opportunity," well illustrates his large and enlightened outlook upon pressing and difficult questions which are now agitating society, and the solution of which will task the wisest judgment of the wisest men.

Our dear brother possessed a clear, well-balanced, and highly cultivated intellect. His educational advantages were thoroughly improved. His modesty forbade his laying claim to superior attainments, yet those who enjoyed his acquaintance easily discovered that he had read widely and thought much. He wielded a ready pen, and his written style in its precision, elegance, and transparency indicated both the breadth and the depth of his culture.

Notwithstanding the unceasing claims of parochial

duty, and the limitations imposed on him by the chronic frailty of his health, he made a number of valuable contributions to the literature of his time. He translated from the French "Malan on Romanism," and a volume of "Discourses and Essays" by Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. In his "Eutaxia, or the Presbyterian Liturgies," which was reprinted in London under the editorship of the Rev. Thomas Binney, and his "Book of Public Prayer," compiled from the formularies of the Presbyterian Church, as prepared by Calvin, Knox, and others, he gave to the Church the fruit of extensive liturgical studies, and placed under lasting obligations not only the students of Presbyterian history, but likewise his brethren in the ministry, who, in the absence of prescribed forms of worship, seek help from the wisdom and piety of other ages in maintaining a due order and comeliness in the services of the House of God. These books are referred to by an accomplished scholar as "two learned and valuable works of the Rev. Charles W. Baird, to whom belongs the credit of a first investigator and collector of the Presbyterian liturgies."

Of his elaborate "History of Rye," and of his "History of the Huguenot Emigration to America," left incomplete, alas, by his lamented death, it is enough to say that they show his remarkable aptness for historical composition, his painstaking conscientiousness of research, his resolute determination to secure minute accuracy, and the ease and grace of style which characterize all his literary work.

Personally and socially Dr. Baird was remarkably attractive. Some men are good without being winning. Some are frank and honest and yet are rude and repellent. But he was winning, and at the same time trans-

parently honest. His courtesy was knightly ; nay, better, it was Christian. As a friend he was the very soul of honor, truth, and fidelity. He was a gentleman, not merely by virtue of familiar acquaintance with the usages of the best society, but likewise by virtue of his genuine benevolence in little things as well as in great. Young and old alike were drawn to him by his magnetic kindliness ; the ignorant no less than the cultivated could be at ease in his society. One could not enter his home without feeling the charm of his gracious ways, and a morning or an evening spent with him was an enjoyment to be long remembered.

The depth of his piety was manifest to those who were favored with his friendship. I am sure that I speak truly in saying that his religious experience may be best summed up in the New Testament phrase, "Looking unto Jesus." More than to minute self-inspection and self-dissection was he given to the adoring contemplation of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the object of his supreme trust and love, into whose hands he had committed himself and all his interests for time and eternity, in the presence of whose grace and power and faithfulness he had learned to dismiss all doubt. Hence, notwithstanding cares and trials, and the pains of disease, he appeared to live constantly in the light. His piety touched and beautified with a radiance as from heaven his domestic and social life, his intellectual activities, and all his work for the Church. Possibly he had come to this height of experience through many a struggle with temptation and doubt and sin ; I know not. This, however, was plain, that whatever had been at any time his spiritual conflicts, he had won the glorious victory of faith, and had become more than a conqueror through Him who loved him.

The chief work of Dr. Baird's life was done in this place, as the pastor for upwards of a quarter of a century of the Presbyterian Church of Rye. It would be superfluous to dwell at length upon the history of a pastorate so impressively commemorated in his own Quarter Century Sermon, but some brief allusion to it is demanded by this occasion. He came hither while yet a young man, though not without experience in the work of the ministry, having been for a short time chaplain to the American Embassy in Rome, Italy, and subsequently in charge of a chapel in Brooklyn connected with the Reformed Dutch Church. From the spring of 1861 until his decease he prayed and preached and toiled among you with but a single serious interruption during the twenty-five years. He brought to you his scholarship, his Christian character, his devotion to the kingdom of God, his zeal for the salvation of perishing souls. He soon won your affection, and he grew in your love until the end. He was a faithful pastor to all classes of his people. A sufferer himself, he could minister with deep and tender sympathy to the sick and the sorrowing. His preaching did not dazzle with fitful coruscations of eloquence, but shone with a steady and mellow light, as a lamp in the hand of the Lord. His sermons maintained a high level of excellence. They were thoughtful, finished, and edifying. Doubtless his manuscripts would furnish more than one volume of doctrinal and practical religious instruction, which would greatly edify and comfort Christian people.

Beyond the limits of his own congregation his influence was felt. Of the Presbytery of Westchester and the Synod of New York he was a valued and important member. Of the Church Extension Committee of the Presbytery he was for many years the chairman.

Your beautiful house of worship is a visible proof of the prosperity with which it pleased the Lord to crown his labors. You well know the deep interest which he felt in its erection, and how he desired it, not from any fondness for outward show, but as an expression of your zeal for the glory of your Divine Lord. "I recall," he says, "with gratitude, the circumstances in which it was built, the design of its erection, the spirit in which the work was undertaken and carried through. It was built to the honor of God, for the preaching of His word and the ministering of His ordinances. It was built for the use of His people as a free church, welcoming all to the hearing of the Gospel and to participation in the privileges of His House. It was built under an impulse of thanksgiving to God for the blessings of Christian union. May it ever preserve this significance! May it ever serve to magnify His work and to exalt His name!"

The excellent fruits of his ministry have been visible also in your gifts to various departments of Christian benevolence, in the growth and usefulness of your Sabbath-school, in the number added to the membership of the church, and in the harmony which from first to last marked the relation of pastor and people. Said I not truly a few moments ago that few churches have such a pastor to lose?

To lose! Ah, let us employ another word in speaking of his translation to the heavenly bliss. Such as he are not lost to us, nor to the Church of God. The memory of his life and example remains to us a constant inspiration, a sacred force, working unseen in human hearts, helping, cheering, elevating, bringing forth results which in the great day shall appear unto his joy and the praise of the Lord whom he delighted to serve. His faithful ministry here, which guided and sanctified many, will,

through their prayers and labors, continue to guide and sanctify others and still others, generation after generation, until at last a great multitude shall call him blessed. He rests from his labors; but his works do follow him. In this connection his own words in his Anniversary Sermon are deeply suggestive: "As I think of more than seventy-five young communicants connected at present with this Church, and of many other youth who are not communicants, members of that institution (the Seminary) and of the families of this congregation, the conviction presses upon me that the success or failure of my ministry during these twenty-five years will be determined as it shall be seen what manner of persons these youths shall prove to be. Oh, that they may prove to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ! Oh, that they may shine as lights in the world! May they be known to Jesus as His true and faithful friends! May the cause of Christ find in them loyal, brave, unflinching defenders and promoters; firm in their attachment to the truth; ready unto every good work!"

Oh, friends, fail not to discharge the solemn obligation under which you now stand to your deceased pastor! You cherished him in life. Not all pastors are permitted to address their congregations in the touching words which he spoke to you when he said: "These toils and these sorrows have never been aggravated by the sadness that comes from an experience of alienation, of hostility, or even of coldness and indifference on the part of a people. Far otherwise, they have been lightened by your manifest sympathy, by your unremitting care for my comfort and support, and by the unmistakable evidences of your confidence and attachment. It has been happiness to live among you and to live for you."

Add now to this the fulfilment of the sacred obligation to cherish his memory, to carry forward his work, to enrich others with the blessings wherewith his fidelity has enriched you, and thus to perpetuate the ministry which has so long been a fountain of good to you and yours.

Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there 's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, tho' mortal tongues be dust.
It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

The next address was made by the Rev. Wilson Phraner, D.D., of Sing Sing, N. Y.

DR. PHRANER'S ADDRESS.

. . . Dear Brethren, our Christian faith and our Christian hope do sustain us in a day and in an hour like this, so that we may smile in the midst of our tears; we may rejoice in the midst of our sorrow; we may give thanks to God even in the sadness of our spirit. The Lord takes away our loved ones, but we do not wholly lose the good which they have done. It still lives in the thoughts of the deeds and precious memories on earth, as they live in heaven. I do not claim, and none of us would think of claiming, that our dear Brother Baird was a perfect man, and yet I must say to you that the very first passage from God's Word, which came to my mind as I read the announcement of his death, was "A perfect man, . . . the end of that man is peace"; and yet

another passage came immediately to my thoughts, "A good man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Do not these last words strongly and most appropriately apply to this dear brother who has now gone from us? While none of us are inclined to indulge in indiscriminate or extravagant eulogy—nothing would be more out of place here—nevertheless, I must be allowed to say that it does seem to me that as many or more elements that go to make up truly noble Christian character, true and genuine manhood—more of these elements, such as gentleness, kindness, sympathy, fidelity, conscientiousness, truthfulness, transparency, diligence in his work, fidelity in all his duties,—I say more of these elements, it seems to me, entered into this dear brother's character than I have often seen elsewhere.

I will speak a word simply on behalf of the Presbytery with which our dear brother was connected. I have but uttered, beloved friends, the sentiment, I am sure, of all my brothers when I say that no man in all our number was more respected, more beloved, more influential for good, more prized for his work, more useful than he. Nay, I should say that no man, no single one, was so much beloved, so highly appreciated, so sincerely regarded as he. I speak for my brethren, and I believe that it would be but the unanimous voice of those for whom I speak when I give him this place of prominence among his brethren. His presence with us was always a joy and a benediction. He was always faithful in his duty, ready for service, doing every thing with a measure of excellence and perfection which was remarkable. He acted as historian of the Presbytery from the beginning of our existence in the present relations, and has done an amount of work—public work, too often unrecognized

and too often, alas, unappreciated—which is unknown indeed, except to those who were associated with him in those intimate and endeared relations which a brother of this Presbytery had with him. I will make an allusion to our last meeting of the Presbytery, only a few weeks ago, when he was called upon to offer a few words, which proved to have been his valedictory to his brethren of the Presbytery. The dignity and appropriateness, as well as the force and beauty of the thought which he then uttered, impressed me. I think that they were fitting farewell words, although it was unthought of by him, or by any of us, that we should hear his voice no more among us. Yet I do rejoice that he was induced to make that brief address to his brethren of the Presbytery. But I must not trespass upon your time. I want simply to say a few things in closing, first, to these dear friends who knew best and loved most this beloved brother. Prize the legacy, the unspeakable legacy, which he has left you in that symmetrical and beautiful Christian character, and in that earnest, faithful, useful Christian life which he has left to you. It is the richest and the best of all possible legacies which he could have left you, a source of inspiration, of help, of hope, of joy, and a blessing for you all the days of your life.

To this beloved and bereaved congregation and community, may I not utter this word: Remember the words which our dear brother spoke while he was yet with you; his wise, his earnest, his faithful counsel, admonitions, exhortations, and his instructions derived from God's Word. Would you see his monument? Look about you in this beautiful sanctuary. But methinks that not only have his words impressed themselves upon you, but that his image lives in many of your hearts. Cherish

the memory of the labors and prayers of this beloved pastor, so freely given on your behalf.

To my brethren, the ministers of the Presbytery, indeed to all, I may say: Earth grows poorer as we go onward in life, and our precious friends drop out from us by the wayside. The rest of the earthly journey will be more lonely to many from the departure of this dear brother in Christ, but as on earth our treasures grow less, so in Heaven they increase; and is there not an influence and power in the translation of one, and such a one, from our midst to the world above, which will serve to help up our souls and bring us into closer communion and fellowship with all divine and heavenly things? Shall not Heaven be nearer and Heaven be dearer henceforth from the fact that another of our friends has gone hither? In the thought of his translation and of the glory which he now beholds before the Throne, shall we not find inspiration to courage, earnestness, and fidelity in our duty to the end of our journey?

The Rev. John Reid, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers, N. Y., speaking in behalf of the Presbytery of Westchester, of which Dr. Baird was a member, made the closing remarks.

REMARKS BY THE REV. JOHN REID.

The relations existing between the members of the Presbytery of Westchester are not only ecclesiastical and official; they are personal and fraternal. Others who have been with us in the interchange of social feelings have more than once said: "These Christians love one another." "*We be brethren.*" Always, as a Presbytery, even when we have passed through hours when passions

were excited and when opposing sentiments were espoused with no little degree of warmth, we have known the blessedness of dwelling together in unity. So that, I am sure, the experience of one of its members was the experience of them all—and especially of those whose duty it was, on the recent Sabbath, to conduct public service in the Sanctuary,—that thought was burdened with the remembrance that a revered father and beloved brother, the pastor of this congregation and preacher to this people for more than a quarter of a century, had preached his last sermon ; and, having kept the faith and finished his course, had gone to stand with the elders round about the throne. The other churches sorrowed with this church which had lost its spiritual leader. With this people all the others bowed humbly and submissively unto that sovereign Lord who alone giveth life and in whose hands is the breath of us all—Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep, and Head of the Church which he purchased with his own precious blood.

Notwithstanding the circumstances—and they are many more than those which have been already alluded to—which tend to sweeten the bitterness of this trial, I feel that we would not be true to our own hearts if we in any measure sought to hide the very mournful character of the event which has called us together. It is a very great loss which hath brought us to this place. By the removal of such a relative as he was, a household has suffered irrevocable loss ; by the removal of such a citizen this community is not so strong as it was ; by the removal of such a minister the church is very deeply bereaved. For the sake of such a one himself, when he is gone, we may truly rejoice. We cannot lift up the curtain which falls between us and the glories of the eternal

world ; but we can even now, with the eye of faith, see the shining path up which our beloved went to his heavenly home. His is the gain, but the loss is still ours, and we cannot but mourn at his removal from our midst. Blessed be God ! our religion does not lessen the value of earth's friendships ; it rather enhances them. When the mind is imbued with the spirit of grace, a new element of strength is added to the life of nature ; instead of repressing our rising sobs and gathering tears, our religion bids these come forth that they may call up our deeper emotions to the honor of her own blessed name.

By the removal of such a man as Dr. Baird was, just so much goodness has been taken out of a world which needs all it can get ; just so much helpfulness has gone out of the lives of very many ; just so much of that most potent and all-pervading influence, a holy and consistent example, has been taken away. Besides the other characteristics which have been alluded to, my mind has been dwelling upon these three as having been peculiarly prominent in our brother. When we speak of goodness in connection with his name, we mean that wonderfully ripened work of divine grace which was so apparent in his heart and life. That always makes itself known by its presence. The very presence of a holy man is not only a blessing ; it is a security to a community. There was the element of helpfulness in him. Selfishness is the predominant principle of our nature ; and in the toils and struggles of this life we need all the sympathy and help that our fellow-creatures can give. And I do not know of a surer mark by which one can judge of another's sterling goodness than this, that as soon as he comes into the presence of his fellows they

are helped and cheered and encouraged. Dr. Baird was one with whom you could *commune*. They who know him well, know what I mean; for I cannot trust myself to speak at any length about this. To me he was at once a father and a brother, whose counsel was often sought, whose advice was as often followed, whose memory will never cease to cheer. Consistency was another of his marked characteristics. I remember that in his inaugural address, the honored professor, Dr. Hastings, of the Union Theological Seminary, quoted the words of Ruskin, which run something to the effect that on clear waters there can be no *shadows*—shadows of cloud and mountain and tree; these rest upon turbid rivers, and that because there is so much of earthy matter mixed up with them, but clear rivers show only *reflections*. Dr. Baird, one of the directors of that Seminary, was one of the auditors of that address. And Dr. Baird was always one of those clear rivers. Of a very childlike and transparent simplicity and purity, he reflected heaven on earth. We know what his religious principles were. They were those in which he had been reared in childhood; he vowed to maintain them in his ordination; he ever manifested them in private conversation and correspondence; he faithfully preached them in the public ministrations of God's house, and at last in the faith of them he went down into the dark valley, and passing through, has gone up to the bright and golden gate. Wise in his counsel, efficient in his action, instructive in his teaching, one of the kindest and most sympathetic of friends to everybody whom he met, his name will be loved and his memory will be revered wherever his history and character are known.

Dear brethren of this church, yours is a great loss.

You may meet many men and you may meet many ministers before you see his like again. But God, you must know, has you and your interests in his care. Seek his face and trust his promise. The Lord sanctify you in this great sorrow and sore bereavement. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and bless you. Strive so to discharge the duties of this day as that you may realize this promise of divine grace, that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." If to them who are at rest it is given to look on the continued labors of those who are yet upon the earth, surely it could give only joy to him who has passed from his earthly labors here to his heavenly rest there, to see that you still receive and remember the word which he preached unto you; that you most shrine his memory in your hearts in order to reproduce his character in your lives; and that in the work of this church, standing as a proof of his devotion as well as of your liberality, his very removal has produced in you a fresh consecration to carry on what you know to be the desire of his heart and the purpose of his life.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. George E. Stillman, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Rye.

At the close of the services many looked on the placid face of the beloved dead. The body remained in the church until the morrow, attended through the night by a guard of honor composed of the trustees and a number of young men of the congregation. On Tuesday morning, February 15th, the interment took place in Greenwood Cemetery, attended by the male members of the family, a delegation of the session, and the trustees of the church.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AND ADDRESSES.

At a Memorial Service, held during the stated meeting of the Presbytery of Westchester in Peekskill, N. Y., April 20, 1887, papers were read, by appointment of that body, by Rev. J. Aspinwall Hodge, D.D., of Hartford, Conn., and Rev. John Reid, of Yonkers, N. Y., and a short address was made by Rev. R. P. H. Vail, D.D., of Stamford, Conn. Dr. Hodge spoke of Dr. Baird's character and work as a minister.

ADDRESS OF J. ASPINWALL HODGE, D.D.

The death of Rev. Charles W. Baird, D.D., has brought to us, as individuals and as the Presbytery, a loss and sorrow inexpressible. But sanctified affliction has no desire to dwell upon its own personal bereavement. It delights to meditate upon the love of our Father in heaven, and the wisdom and grace of the Sovereign Head of the Church, and finds comfort and honor in what God has accomplished in and by him whom He has received unto Himself. The Presbytery of Westchester has been ennobled by the life, character, and labors of Dr. Charles W. Baird, and remembrance of him will always instruct and encourage us. He was too young a man to be reverenced as a patriarch, or as Paul the aged, whose years and infirmities rendered him unfit for further

service. We did not regard him as a father, whose province it was to advise and direct others in their labors. He was not a leader, claiming lordship or accepting control over those willing to be directed. Expressions of his acknowledged superiority were silenced by his peculiar deference to the graces he perceived in his fellow-servants of Jesus Christ. He was our best-beloved brother. When he spoke on Christian character, on the doctrines of Christ, on reverence in worship, on questions of polity, or the application of discipline, all listened with loving respect, admiring his clear apprehension of the truth, his delight in it, and his desire that all should perceive its sweetness and power. The influence of this modest man was never questioned, neither did it excite surprise. The sincerity of his convictions was evident, his judgment was based on sound principles and applied after calm and careful investigation, his doctrines were the revealed truth of God, he held close fellowship with men, and he walked with God. He was to us an ideal Presbyterian, a model pastor, and, above all, the most perfect exhibition of Christ-like character in our midst.

Such he was in the Presbytery of Connecticut, of which for five years he was stated clerk. Around him the twenty-eight ministers of that body gathered in 1870, as we came to the organization of the Presbytery of Westchester. The opening sermon which he preached was a benediction on the reunion of our beloved Church and a prayer for new and increased power from above and for the harmony and co-operation of its members—"the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you." In this larger body he was at once appreciated. He was depended upon for the perfecting of our organization; he was made president of the Board of Trustees, the his-

torian of the Presbytery. He called our attention to our new responsibilities, and became chairman of the Committee of Church Extension. And he held this most important and arduous position for thirteen years. In every emergency all naturally turned to him. In threatened difficulties, church troubles, ministerial discipline, excited controversies, seasons of success or joyful commemoration, new undertakings, personal affliction or prosperity, we relied chiefly, and not in vain, on Dr. Baird. The reason was obvious. Most Christians are like the saints described in Scripture, whose prominent grace is as unexpected as a rose blooming in the midst of weeds. They are needed in certain circumstances; as Samson, when the Philistines are upon us, or as Solomon, to give judgment or dedicate a temple. Often the chief characteristic is as uncertain as Peter's forwardness—the first to confess and the first to deny Christ. There are, however, a few, like Samuel among the prophets and John among the apostles, who have no prominent traits, who are the same in public and private, present or absent. Their characters are symmetrically developed and sanctified. Their virtues are of full number, ever effective, and all expressed in every action. The faithful prophet is not more strong than gentle, his severity in judgment is equalled only by his tenderness as he weeps and prays for the rejected Saul all the days of his life. The beloved disciple is also the son of thunder, never more one than the other. These are not comets and meteors which surprise and dazzle us by their sudden appearance and splendor, but planets which calmly and continuously reflect the Sun of Righteousness, whose attributes are many, severally perfect, and are one glory. It was because Jesus was perfect and had all grace that men with

every burden came to Him and found rest for their souls. Honored is that Presbytery which has had a member who in some measure reflected the harmony of the divine graces. We have gone to the gentle Baird for sympathy, and have found the strong minister as well. We have asked for sound judgment, and received with it an impulse to feel and act more Christ-like.

I am here reminded of Dr. Baird's text for his Quarter Century Sermon, "Remember that thou magnify His work." The development of Christian character and efficiency is indeed God's work, and to Him be the glory. The chief object of redemption is not to deliver men from punishment, but to transform them after His own image; out of the miserable materials of man's fallen nature, to form multitudes to be to the praise of the glory of His grace. Out of rough blocks He chisels seemly likenesses of Himself. The processes may be long, but in the end every one will be perfect as He is perfect. In the unfinished work, whenever we can trace the least resemblance, we render Him praise. How much more when we see one whose very presence and every tone, word, and act remind us of Jesus Christ.

Our admiration of God's work is greatly increased by studying the process by which He accomplished it. Creation would lose more than half its charm if we knew only that "the worlds were framed by the word of God." The new creation is far more wonderful than the physical. The results, though each perfect, are of infinite variety; the method of development in each case is peculiar, and at every stage of the process efficiency is manifested. There is always a marvellous adaptation of means to the end. Out of a pupil of Gamaliel, "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious," by a light

from heaven, and by sufferings innumerable, and thorns in the flesh, God made Paul the chief apostle to the Gentiles. But He chose the son of Zebedee to be the beloved desciple, and by the serene and intimate discipline of love taught him to know the deep things of God and the glories to be revealed.

In considering the work of God let us notice the person chosen. Dr. Baird always delighted to trace God's faithfulness to His covenant. There is indeed a great deal in blood—in the transmission of national peculiarities and of family traits. No character can be understood without a study of ancestry. Often the most perfect comes from the union of streams from distinct sources. From his father Dr. Baird received the sterling qualities of the Scotch race: strength of character founded on principles, calm deliberation in forming judgments, steadfastness in convictions thus obtained, conscientiousness, untiring perseverance, fidelity to friends, and self-sacrificing devotion. From his mother he inherited the finer graces of the Huguenots: a love for the true and beautiful, gentle courtesy, refinement of thought and manner, patient endurance, persevering industry, hopefulness, sympathy, and cheerfulness. In him these national traits were sanctified by covenant grace. They came to him through generations who had consecrated themselves and their seed unto the Lord, whose faith claimed the blessings of the covenant, and whose accumulated prayers and sanctified influences brought increasing benedictions upon their descendants. It is not surprising that this child of the covenant, born of such parents and under their holy instruction, should in very early childhood manifest covenant grace, and exhibit great conscientiousness and love to Christ. Nor is it

strange that he passed through a period of great spiritual conflict and doubt. For children who are consecrated from the womb, or regenerated in infancy, are unable to recall a season of antagonism against God, delight in sin, rejecting offers of mercy, and grieving the Holy Ghost. Their love for Christ has come as naturally as love for mother; their desire to avoid sin and do right has ever been their impulse. The Bible speaks of our sinful state by nature, of carnal impulses, and a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. They have been conscious of no sudden change, nor of the wonderful transformation of character described by others, and the doubt and darkness come. Are they not still in the state of nature, and need regeneration into real Christian life? We do not know how long this struggle continued in Charles Baird, nor by what means peace came. But he soon learned that a star is recognized as such, even if we cannot tell when and how it was created; that a babe lives is proof that it has been born; that love to God is not the growth of an unregenerate heart; that faith in Christ is the act of a soul united to Him, and living in Him. Before the child was thirteen years his doubts were removed never to return; he had the full assurance of faith and hope, and entered eagerly into Christian work.

Let us consider the discipline by which God developed this character. From what has already been said we do not expect exciting incidents, great trials, sudden changes, nor spiritual exaltations and depressions, conflicts, threatened defeats, and hardly-won victories. A Peter's impulsiveness needs to be controlled by severe reproofs, walks on boisterous waves, sifting as wheat, and an intimation of the death by which he should glorify

God. The Pharisaical zeal of Saul needs to be regulated and transformed by suffering, labors more abundant, perils by sea and land, in prisons, and deaths oft. Lest he be exalted above measure by his gifts and visions, a messenger of Satan is sent to buffet him,—before Paul can fight the good fight and receive the promised crown. But a John's course is even and undisturbed. External changes, which trouble others, do not affect him. He does not flee when the disciples forsake Christ. He is as tranquil at the foot of the cross as in the triumphant entry into Jerusalem; persecution does not hurt him; banishment to Patmos only enables him to see clearer visions of his Lord. He was the disciple whom Jesus loved. Not that he was the favorite, better loved, but, as each of the apostles needed a different discipline, Peter was treated with firmness; Thomas was taught by demonstration, and John was nourished and perfected by love. To him God was love, and so were all providences, duties, privileges, and rewards. The aged saint condensed all exhortations in "little children love one another." . . .

As a preacher Dr. Baird did not aim at sensation or popularity, but to make known and felt the doctrines of grace. As a pastor, old and young, rich and poor alike came under his personal supervision, and all shared freely his faithful reproofs, wise instruction, judicious advice, exhortations to zeal and benevolence, and in his sympathy in trials, perplexities, joys, and sorrows. Some results of his labors may be noted in the increase of communicants from seventy-six to two hundred and thirty; two hundred and fifty-one having professed their faith, and one hundred and forty presented certificates from other churches. The Sabbath-school consisted of

twenty-five members; now it reports two hundred and two. In 1861 the church contributed $222 to our church boards; in 1886, $1,966. The present church building is a visible monument of his labors as well as of the liberality of the people. I have already alluded to his influence and work in the Presbytery and among his brethren. The results of his studies in the quiet parsonage at Rye, affecting important interests of the Church and world, will be presented to you by another. As we glance over this outline it is easy to perceive that his life was a unit. Each step was ordered by God as a preparation for his work at Rye and for the glory into which he has now entered. The licentiate whom I heard edifying the strangers in Rome, and saw comforting them in their loneliness and afflictions, was being developed into the presbyter, preacher, and pastor at Rye. It would be interesting and instructive to trace in detail the process of God's discipline, but I must confine myself to two influences at work. I select these as samples, and because they were peculiar to Dr. Baird, and produced in him marked results. . . . It was during his sojourn in Europe that the young Charles became conscious of his faith and began his Christian activity. The grand ideas of the importance of evangelical truth, of vital piety, of personal activity, and of true Christian union, filled his father with an enthusiasm which he imparted to all around him. It is not strange that these ideas were impressed upon the son and gave tone and direction to his Christian life and activity. Association with his father in Europe, and afterwards in America, developed these into permanent characteristics. He was not a Peter who needed a thrice-repeated vision to persuade him to preach the gospel to one of another nation, and who

was blamed and reproved by Paul for separating himself from Gentile Christians, but a John, who was as much at home in Ephesus as in Jerusalem, who tells us of the other sheep to be brought, of the one fold and one Shepherd, who records Christ's intercessory prayer for Christian union, and who beheld the sealing of the one hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of Israel, and the multitude whom no man could number of all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues. He was a true Presbyterian, not only loyal to the doctrines, polity forms of worship, and discipline of his Church, but also heartily adopting its chief characteristics: fidelity to the system of evangelical truth, acknowledging the brotherhood of all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and the recognition of all Christian denominations as parts of the one visible Church of God, which should be in full sympathy and coöperation, as they are mutually related and dependent. His pastorate at Rye as a demonstration of his estimate of that system of doctrine taught in Holy Scripture and in the standards of our Church, of his interest in every Christian endeavor. He imparted to his people an enthusiasm for our Church and loyalty to all its boards. Ever known as a decided Presbyterian, he yet (indeed, for that reason) took the deepest interest in the operations at home and abroad of every denomination. As a pastor he was welcomed in every house in the village, and to the bedside even of the dying Romanist.

In referring to the other influence at work in his development, I must again recall the important year of 1841. On the first day of May he walked with his tutor from Paris to St. Denis. Resting on the grass there brought on a violent attack of rheumatism, which led to

a permanent enlargement of the heart. I know not what was the first effect of this experience upon the young lad, but the permanent results were beneficial and sanctifying. The necessity of constant care and watchfulness, the avoidance of all excitement, continued circumspection, laboring in appointed work, more diligently because listening for the summons to give in his account; conversing with men who may be receiving his last communication, and communing with Christ, who may be seen the next moment face to face,—these produced in him much of that calmness for which he was remarkable, retirement, refusal of positions of honor and responsibility, his quiet earnestness in preaching, painstaking investigation of truth, consistency of life and influence, diligence in every good work, the holy atmosphere which surrounded him, and the joyful anticipation ever present to him and imparted to others. He was like Moses, whose face shone from communion with God; like Aaron, actually touching the vail surrounded by the incense of worship; and like John, conscious that his life depended upon the mere will of his Lord—"If I will that he tarry till I come,"—and whose thoughts of the unseen yet the near were so constant and vivid that his visions of Christ and the New Jerusalem seem almost like present realities. Thus for many years Dr. Baird served at the altar very near the vail, expecting hourly the summons to enter within. The call did not surprise him. Though it differed in form from what he anticipated, he recognized it at once. "It is not my heart but my head, and I am ready." And the veil closed behind him.

Brethren of the Presbytery and friends, in the sorrow which now overshadows us, do you not hear: "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Chirst." "Hold

fast the form of sound words." "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," "that all may be one." "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Mr. Reid spoke of Dr. Baird as a writer and historian.

ADDRESS OF REV. JOHN REID.

The glowing eulogy to which we have listened has well and truly depicted our brother's character as a man and presbyter. It remains here to chronicle something of the influence which he exerted in the Church at large and in the world, particularly by means of his writings, and his interest and activity in beneficent works. It is not expected that this will be exhaustive, as entering into the details; it is designed to be commemorative, as presenting the outlines, in these respects, of a very busy and fruitful life. . . .

Man is by no means the creature of his circumstances; but every man's surroundings wield a great influence in the formation of his tastes and habits; and his earliest surroundings doubtless give direction to the entire course of his life. And there can be no doubt that Dr. Baird's subsequent life and labor were affected throughout by the education and impressions which he received amid the historic associations of his early scenes. . . .

Dr. Baird loved study. And this love for letters, which was inborn, mingled with a quiet patience and firmly resolute will in their pursuit, made him the scholar we all revered. *Accuracy* was the distinguishing feature of his intellect and culture. In every instance, and with the utmost nicety, was any literary fabric upon which he labored fairly morticed into the framework of his mind.

Finely adjusted from the beginning, the balance between power and faculty was maintained with him to the end. We all knew him as one eminently thoughtful and practical, in whose mind judgment ruled over imagination. In a word, his scholarship was the complement of his character. Without having any of its features peculiarly prominent, it was, in the *altogether* of its form, full-orbed in beauty, really symmetrical in combination, chastened and finished into roundness and completeness. Very concise and simple, his style as a writer was warm and glowing, vigorous and forcible. It is a feature, even of his wider historical works, which much impresses us, and gives to them a peculiar value: that the author's personality is so embodied in his writings. Thus to read a writer is always to vivify what he wrote. Dr. Baird's oration, afterwards published, which was delivered before the Beta Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in the New York University last year, on "The Scholar's Duty and Opportunity," for example, marked the wide compass of a master mind in the originality of conception, the acuteness of observation, the discrimination of judgment, and the clearness of decision with which he dealt with political and social questions that are now agitating the minds of men, and will for a long time to come require the wisdom of the wisest to solve and to settle. And those who heard the sermon which, at the invitation of the Faculty, he preached in the same place on the Day of Prayer for Colleges, only two weeks before he died, were deeply moved by a beauty of diction, a depth of pathos, the dignity of a refined spirit, which illustrated well the duty as it laid hold upon an opportunity of the Christian scholar who, in the school of Jesus, had learned well "the wisdom that is from above," and was himself so nearly ripe to be transplanted to its home. . . .

While Dr. Baird's powers of imagination were not his predominant ones, he had that devout spirit which peculiarly delights in music and poetry, as was manifested during his earlier years, and from time to time in later life, in many contributions to the treasury of our sacred song. It was during the time of which we are speaking that he wrote "Lays of the Cross," which appeared in successive numbers of *Graham's Christian Parlor Magazine*, and among which were "Behold Your King," "Behold the Man," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," and others. Frederick Saunders, in "Evenings with the Sacred Poets," writes that "a happy union of beautiful sentiment with the music of verse is seen in this sweet lyric, by the Rev. C. W. Baird, of Rye, N. Y." :

In all the scenes of childhood's day
That memory paints, as years recede,
The beauty of a blessed deed
Is last to fade away.

* * * * *

The guileless love that lasted long,
The zeal of piety unfeigned,
The courage of a heart unstained
That only feared the wrong,
The lingering prayer put up at night
Low bending by my mother's knee,
The tear of pity, and the glee
Of innocent delight,—
These are the memories that she brings,
Kind guardian of mine earlier days,
These are the nightly thoughts that raise
Mine eyes to holier things.

The recognition and appreciative praise of such eminent authorities in hymnology and sacred song justify and emphasize the hope we would fain express that something will be done to preserve the poetic productions of a gifted and saintly mind.

In the year 1846 the Evangelical Alliance was formed in England. Dr. Baird, Sr., was an active and honored participant in its establishment and deliberations. In 1851, largely through his efforts, the "American Branch," which had been previously formed, but did not prosper, was renewed and permanently established. But during the years '48, '49, and '50 the interests of the Alliance movement here had been fostered by *The Christian Union and Religious Memorial*, a valuable periodical which was published every month, and which became eventually the organ of the American Alliance. This was under the editorial supervision of the father, "but the principal portion of the editorial labors devolved upon his son." Occasionally contributing original articles, both prose and poetical, Dr. Baird's work in this was largely that of compilation and translation, but necessitating throughout untiring labor and care, and calling in his wide familiarity with religious literature and the important movements of the day. Now also, in connection with the Rev. Benjamin N. Martin, D.D., a professor in the New York University, he wrote the greater part of "The Christian Retrospect and Register," published in 1851—"a volume devoted to a review of the world's progress in the first half of the nineteenth century, which was issued under Dr. Baird's [the father's] auspices."

In this way the year after his college graduation was filled with literary labors of great worth. In the fall of 1849 he entered the Union Theological Seminary. One who was a student with him, and is now an honored professor there, remembers him then as "a quiet, modest, refined, scholarly man, deeply serious in all his work and ways. Peculiarly patient and thorough as a student, whatever he did, he did well." In 1886 he was elected

a Director of the Seminary. For five years before his death he had been the Necrologist of the Alumni Association. All who knew his spirit can understand how that "he rendered, in that relation, admirable service." . . .

Licensed to preach the gospel, in 1852, he assumed the charge of the American Chapel in Rome, where he continued to labor until near the close of 1854, when he returned to this country. Up to 1859 there appears here a gap in his ministerial life. But the period is especially marked, in his literary activity, as the time when his well-known liturgical works appeared. Brought up amid the surroundings of Paris and Geneva, attracted by his innate love of "order" to a study of the liturgies of the Reformed Churches, probably knowing more about these than any other man on this side of the Atlantic, it had occurred to him, as to Dr. Samuel Miller, "even to doubt whether the well-known doctrine of our beloved Church with regard to liturgies may not have been so rigidly interpreted and so unskilfully applied as to lead to practical misapprehension and mischief in regard to the devotional part of the services of our sanctuaries." Deeply moved by the inadequacy, not to say irregularity, which is still often to be lamented in such services, he felt "that by so much as the public worship of God may be rendered attractive, may awaken interest, and excite and sustain devotional feeling, by so much have we lost power and influence as a Church." Maintaining and always exemplifying the simplicity and integrity of his Church, Dr. Baird had peculiar honor and love for her traditions. So, disavowing any "voice of authority," he entered upon a purely historical discussion of the true theory and normal practice of our Church in this regard. The result of this appeared in his "Eutaxia." The book was published

anonymously in 1855, and afterwards reprinted in London under the editorship of the Rev. Thomas Binney. It must be regarded as one of the pioneer books in the revival of interest in liturgical studies. Avoiding the two extremes—on the one hand, that certain forms alone should be used; on the other, that no forms should be admitted—Dr. Baird maintained the theory of an optional use of a liturgy which should have the sanction of antiquity and of Church authority. In about a year this was followed by "A Book of Public Prayer, Compiled from the Authorized Formularies of Worship of the Presbyterian Church, as Prepared by the Reformers, Calvin, Knox, and Others." Whatever his view of the question involved, the student of ecclesiastical history will not fail to note his indebtedness to Dr. Baird for the very complete and careful *résumé* of the liturgies of the Reformed Churches, and for the very accurate review of their relations to one another and to all other liturgical forms, which he has given in these admirable volumes. "Our Church possesses a devotional literature of her own, rich and copious." And grateful to our brother for "making known the forgotten worship of our fathers—the prayers that have nourished the faith of generations, that have breathed from the lips of martyrs, that have hallowed the caves and deserts of persecution," there are many who share in what was his hope, that the day is not far distant when, in our common use of the wisdom and piety of other ages, new dignity and solemnity and impressiveness shall be associated, among us, with the strength and beauty that belong to God's house. . . .

On the day of national thanksgiving in 1865, in which year the two hundredth anniversary of the town of Rye had occurred, the pastor delivered a discourse, which gave

not only a history of the Presbyterian church there, but an outline of the history of the town itself. A request from many of his parishioners that the address should be published, led to his elaborate "History of Rye," which appeared in 1871; and which in its preparation had "occupied many of the leisure hours" of the six years that had preceded. To the valuable "History of Westchester County" published last year, under the editorial supervision of Dr. J. T. Scharf, he contributed the two chapters, which give the histories of Rye and Harrison. Because of his rare power of accumulation and retention and discriminating judgment of events, he was "the historian of our Presbytery." To him we are indebted for the very complete "Historical Account of Presbyterianism in the Field Embraced by the Presbytery." In 1879 there appeared in the *Magazine of American History*, and afterwards in pamphlet form, his "Civil Status of the Presbyterians in the Province of New York." In 1881 was published his "History of Bedford Church," which had in that year celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its founding. "One practical and helpful result of his history has been the deepening of this people's love for their church."

At the time he commenced his "History of Rye," Dr. Baird had no thought of taking up his greatest work, which was also to be his last. His mother was one whose ancestors had been driven from their native country by the persecuting fury of Louis XIV; he had himself been reared amid scenes which had led him, while yet a lad, to compose a poem, "The Massacre of Bartholomew"; he was married to a descendant of a Huguenot family. And one might naturally expect to find in such circumstances the moving cause to his writing a Huguenot history.

But these facts were the little streams which came together as he prepared the history of the town in which he lived. His brother, the Rev. Professor Henry M. Baird, had for eight or nine years been engaged on his "Rise of the Huguenots of France." Patiently and laboriously examining records and collecting facts for his local history, Dr. Charles had met with the names of many of Huguenot descent, whose family lines he had traced. A new theme was thus brought into the intercourse of the brothers; and out of *this* Dr. Baird was induced to take up the study of "The Huguenot Emigration to America." It was all one of those striking illustrations of the way in which, through a beautiful harmony and association, He who rules over all makes the events of a life work together and the lines of different lives converge, so that His way is made known among the people. "God is in history" — in the *recording* of it as well as in the *making* of it.

It will be remembered as one of the unique and valuable characteristics of this work of Dr. Baird, that it connects the families and even the individuals of whom it tells, with the places whence they came. Charmed with the vivid interest which these biographies of individual refugees have given to the narrative, we who read can form little conception of the amount of severe and exhaustive labor they entailed. From widely scattered sources, manuscript as well as printed; from documents, wills, letters, church and family records; many of which were reached only with difficulty; many of which had never been known by their custodians to be called for or examined before — were these facts gathered. Not only were the records in the cities of our own country diligently searched; but, as England was the halting-place of

so many of the exiles, before they set out to the New World, Dr. Baird went there, and spent time in indefatigable researches in the Library of the British Museum, in that of Lambeth Palace, in the British State-Paper Office under care of the Master of the Rolls; and, by correspondence, among the archives in the capital of France. Such labors, extending through a half-score of years, have placed under deep obligation to the name of Charles W. Baird, all in this country who can boast of Huguenot blood. A very Thesaurus of family lore, there is hardly a Huguenot name known here, of whose history, this work does not give some new and curious fact. But Dr. Baird did something more than write a book of domestic genealogy. His was the first systematic and detailed history of an emigration which brought into the growth of the colonies of America, an element of sterling worth quite out of proportion to its numbers, and which is still felt for good. A truly patriotic work, therefore, this enters as a valuable contribution into the history of our country.

It was in the spring of '85 that the two volumes appeared. On May 13th of the same year, Dr. Baird was made an "Honorary Fellow" of the Huguenot Society in London. Last year he received an application from the Society for the Publication of Religious Books in Toulouse for permission to translate his work into the French. Yielding all rights in the matter, consent was freely extended. Last January, about one month before he died, there came from the publishing house in France, two copies of the translated work. And in them the honored author seemed to take more delight than he had been able to allow himself in connection with the original publication here.

Telling the story of the Huguenot settlement in New England in these two volumes, it was our brother's purpose to carry his survey farther south, into the Middle and Southern States, for future volumes. But this was not to be. The standard-bearer fainted. The pen of the ready writer ceased. Yet it is only when their work is *done* that God calls his servants to their eternal reward. *This laborer's life-work was completed.* And it is a blessing for which we devoutly thank our God that the workman was spared and enabled to finish what we think he above all others was fitted to accomplish. Having served his generation — and served it well — according to the will of God, he fell asleep. His was a pure and useful life that has won the praise of men and the approbation of God. His face shone, but he wist it not. The Lord make us all more like him, for of us all he was most like our Lord !

REMARKS OF REV. R. H. P. VAIL, D.D.

After so much has been said, and so well said, it would be superfluous for me to detain you long. Dr. Baird's memory is enthroned in the hearts of us all. We shall carry it with us to our dying day. We need no formal resolutions, no words from human lips, to insure his name perpetual place in our hearts. His character was many-sided. Indeed, he had so many graces that, were each of his characteristics to be spoken of, how many of us would to-day find texts for discourse? I would dwell upon a single one which was so marked that we all were improved by it. His Christian urbanity was so winning. He was one of the most urbane of men. At once a Christian and a gentleman, he won us all. Many gentlemen are not Christians, and many Christians are so

undeveloped that they are not always gentlemen. He was always a Christian, and always a gentleman. One could not be in his presence without realizing this. Dr. Hodge, meeting him in a foreign country, and for the first time, was immediately impressed with his winning urbanity. It has been said that manners make the man. Rather should it be said that manners reveal the man. They unbosom the spirit within.

Gracious manners are exponents of the inner graces. Because his inner spirit was so gracious, his manners were gracious. He was like Stephen, in that he had the face of an angel. Not that the light from without smote his face; but that the light from within, with its charming and saintly qualities, became revealed in an angel's face. He was always so pure, so gentle, so loving. His goodness shone not only in his face, but round about him, in his walk from day to day. We speak of an "angel in the house." Dear friends, many of us have had the pleasure of welcoming this angel in our homes. When Dr. Baird came to visit us we felt that there was an angel in our midst.

Dr. Guthrie once said of a friend who was remarkable for his saintly qualities, that it seemed as if holiness was written on the walls, and on the chairs, and on the table, when he had been there. And so it was with Dr. Baird when he walked up and down among the homes of Rye, leaving a benediction on each as he passed.

Dear friends, with what affability he conducted himself! Oh, how he charmed us! He took us each one by the hand, with a graceful, gentle, kind grasp. Now he has gone on in advance, to await our coming into that general and risen assembly of saints.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

On Sunday morning, March 27, 1887, the Rev. Dwight M. Seward, D.D., former pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers, preached in the Presbyterian Church of Rye, taking for the text of his sermon James iv. 14: "For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." He concluded with a beautiful tribute to Dr. Baird, which is here given entire. He said:

The life that was lived among you and has just closed, the life that gave its strength and energy and all its rich resources to your best welfare; that for a quarter of a century filled your temple-halls with the messages of the cross: this life, by its godliness, its fruitfulness, its harmony, gave the true answer to the question that we have studied this morning, "What is your life?"

The lessons of this life! They have appealed to you in these last weeks more vividly than before the life ended; you have sadly yet thankfully looked again and again upon them, and pondered them with a deepening sense of great and irreparable loss.

These lessons were so fully set before you in the stern and solemn hours of the funeral service, that I have abstained from devoting the entire message of the morning, as my heart moved me to do, to memorial utter-

ances. Yet I cannot close this service without giving expression to some thoughts concerning this just-closed pastorate, and this just-ended life, that would not be likely to find their way into other commemorative services. I trust that I may be permitted to speak with the familiarity and freedom of a long friendship. Dr. Baird took a leading part in the celebration of our Silver-Wedding service at Yonkers in 1861, and read a poem of exceeding fitness and beauty, which he had written for the anniversary.

By the special request of my children, he presided at our Golden-Wedding commemoration a year ago, and wrote for it an appropriate hymn, and conducted a most impressive service of responses, which he had prepared for the occasion.

I was about asking him if he would kindly perform the final service at our departure, for I had not even thought that the summons to the other world could come first to him.

It is only a little more than a year since I was called to address you on the Sabbath in the stead of your pastor, who was suddenly disabled for his accustomed service; — disabled, it seems to me, by an attack that was the herald of the severer blow, that brought his work to an abrupt close, and sternly summoned him away from us. He said to me then with entire calmness that his sickness, he was thoroughly aware, was not without the peril of a fatal issue. I plainly perceived that death could not surprise or terrify him, come when and how it might.

I was present at his installation more than twenty-five years ago, and I must be pardoned for an allusion that illustrates the lenient generosity of your pastor's judgments. I came as a friend, for I was not a member of the

ecclesiastical body that installed him. But the member of Presbytery to whom was assigned the giving of the charge to the people, was unable to be present. So at your pastor's suggestion I was pressed into the service, and most imperfectly prepared the charge while the services that preceded it were going on, and delivered it in its turn.

I can remember as though it were yesterday, how delicately your pastor relieved my sense of shame for the imperfection of my effort, and how kindly and charitably he spoke of my crude and hasty service.

Dr. Baird was a member of my congregation for a decade of years. I should hardly be speaking figuratively, if I were to say that he was my colleague. In every possible way he was my helper. When I was overtaxed with duties, he would take a portion of them for my relief. As he was universally beloved and respected by my people, his co-operation was most serviceable and welcome.

He aided me in the pulpit and out of it. He was highly active and efficient in a powerful revival of religion that prevailed while he was with us, and was clearly instrumental in winning souls to Christ, and in building them up in the true faith. I cannot doubt that he was then in unconscious training for his long term of effective and successful service in his pastorate with you.

Dr. Baird had an hereditary right to the finest qualities of character. His father, the Rev. Dr. Robert Baird, had a world-wide reputation for the breadth and correctness of his knowledge of men and of events; of the manifold signs of the times, and the fields of labor to which they pointed. His friends among the clergy and laity of England and Scotland often assured him that he was more

thoroughly acquainted with the state of morals and religion on the Continent than themselves. Some of you know with what eminent talent for the knowledge and teaching of history he was endowed. His memory was highly exceptional for the infinite number of facts and events which it easily held, and for its unimpeachable accuracy of dates. Your pastor inherited that historic gift, that marvellous power of accumulation and retention and arrangement. His literary labors began in his very boyhood, and he was an unceasing, indefatigable student, to the time of his death.

The mother of your pastor!—Well, if the wise man who wrote the book of Ecclesiastes had met with such an one as she was, he would not have made that record, "A woman among them all have I not found!" I used to think that her character had every one of the sterling virtues and the Christian graces in it. It was her refined soul, her warm heart, her deep sympathies, her unselfish spirit, her fine taste, with her intelligence and ripe culture that shaped and moulded her simple, genial, elegant, fascinating manners. You will allow me to make this allusion, for I believe that it was largely from that saintly and now sainted mother that your pastor derived that exquisite delicacy, that indescribable grace, that ever present refinement, that magnetic sympathy, which imparted such a peculiar charm to his personal intercourse, and inspired in all who knew him both affection and admiration. I suppose that you know how deeply he loved you — his holy flock. He regarded you as a most true and loyal people. I suppose that you know better than I do what a genuine affection he felt for these children and youth, and what a guardian interest he cherished for the Seminary represented in this sanctuary, and how

he looked upon it as the crown and ornament of your delightful village. In a letter received from him not long ago, he observed incidentally that his home here would not be what it was, without the presence and influence of this Institution.

I am not here to-day to draw the portrait of your pastor's character, nor to name the chief labors of his life. That genial duty is fittingly assigned to his literary associates and to his co-presbyters. Nor will I trust myself to dwell upon the greatness of your loss. If we could commune with him, he would not consent to have me draw a disheartening picture of your sore bereavement. Let me speak rather of the benediction which this ministry has left you. For it seems to me that the length, and the harmony, and the success of this pastorate are prophetic, and should make you not only grateful for the past, but hopeful for the future.

It may seem a small thing to allude to, but upon the sad and memorable day of the funeral services, I was confident that you would bless Him who giveth and who taketh away, for the lifelike naturalness of your lamented pastor in his burial-raiment. Sickness had not enstamped its scars, and death had not graven the marks of its scourge.

The placid brow, the speaking lips, the radiant face, the angelic expression, suggested the profound, the sweet and blissful rest which remaineth to all such as he was, and to which his liberated soul had fled. I was reminded of the words of the hero of one of Shakespeare's tragedies over the sleeping, and, as he believed, the dead body of the heroine.

> "Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
> Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty;

Thou art not conquered ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson on thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

Your pastor is summoned away from you, but he will be with you still. You will be conscious of his power and influence through all your mortal lives. You remember the story of the Moabites casting a dead man hastily into the sepulchre of Elisha, and how when he was let down and touched the bones of the prophet, he sprang back to life and revived and stood upon his feet.

That incident suggests the power of a godly man, and a gifted man, after his departure. You will tell your children, and they will tell their children, of the rare worth, of the ripe attainments, of the beautiful and Christ-like character, of the active and laborious life of this honored servant of God.

Dull lethargic souls will be quickened into interest and enthusiasm as they come into contact with the tokens of his undying power. Timid and fainting souls will be rallied into courage and action as they learn how calmly and bravely he labored on, year after year when death was standing visibly at the door.

There is much more to perpetuate the memory and influence of your pastor than can be found with the large majority of deceased pastors. It may not be too much to say that they leave commonly a fair record of fidelity. But that is nearly all that keeps vital their influence. True, they leave large masses of sermons that cost search and struggles and tears, and that have done their appointed work. But these rarely see the light after their single office is fulfilled. They silently await the day of cremation. But of your honored pastor, it may truly be testified that his works do follow him. The well-wrought

monuments of his indefatigable industry, of his painstaking and scholarly research, remain and will be perpetuating his power on and on through many coming years. They place him in the front rank of historical Christian writers. He will be one of the sceptred monarchs who rule men from their urns.

And these monuments belong to you. Some of them are the records of your own local history. They are a part of the heritage which your pastor left *to* you and *for* you. I confess there is a deep, dark mystery in this arrest of a beneficent life; in this sudden calling off from labors which few are qualified to perform. I cannot see through the cloud. I cannot fathom the depths. It looks, if we may use the lament of Hezekiah, as though your pastor were deprived of the residue of his years. Rich material accumulated for future uses! New mental structures begun and going on to rich completion! Gospel-messages ripening, maturing for you in that teeming brain, in that loving heart! But I am sure there is no mystery on the other side of the river which he has just crossed. To us this summons of death looks like a fearful interruption of important labors. In truth, as God sees it, as the angels see it, as your pastor sees it *now*, there is no interruption at all.

I remember to have seen advertised, for performance, an unfinished symphony of Beethoven. Yet who would need to be sad over the lacking part, if he might hear in another spot, in a brighter world, a richer and completed symphony with grander harmonies, with finer instruments, with a larger and more skilful orchestra, with Bethlehem-angels bearing part!

Who doubts that your pastor's life goes on? Who believes that God creates such a man, builds him up so

royally, girds him with such might, enriches him with such knowledge, honors him with such revelations, ripens him with such a noble manhood, and then dooms soul and body to the same fate of extinction? Our God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. Christ is the conqueror of death, and because Christ lives, your pastor lives also. He is doing work diviner even than that which he left so suddenly, and from which it seemed to us that he could not be spared.

We all believe this about his uninterrupted life. Our great want in these hours of fresh grief is *intense realization.* God grant to us who loved him deeply, and sorely miss him, a faith so strong and revelations so clear that he shall still be living and speaking to us! God bestow upon us not a mere transient mood of confidence, not a mere passing vision of glory that like a lightning-flash leaves behind a deeper darkness, but a deep, unfaltering conviction that already he is one in the cloud of witnesses that compass us about! Then the cheering thought of Miss Havergal will be practical and uplifting in our sorrow —

> "For I know
> That they who are not lost, but gone before,
> Are only waiting till I come, for death
> Has only parted us a little while,
> And has not severed e'en the finest strand
> In the eternal cable of our love;
> The very strain has tuned it closer still
> And added strength; the music of their lives
> Is nowise stilled, but blended so with songs
> Around the throne of God, that our poor ears
> No longer hear it."

I hardly dare to speak of the happy home upon which the blow of this bereavement has fallen most heavily;

where the sudden going away of your honored pastor is most keenly felt. Yet, I may say this to the beloved wife and children — that the greatness of their loss is the measure of the greatness of God's gift to them ; and this — that the memories of the husband and the father will grow more fragrant and precious, as the weeks and the months of loneliness come and go. I am confident that all of you will wish me to assure them that wherever the lines may fall to them, they have heart-felt remembrance in the closets and at the family-altars of his devoted flock. And I am persuaded that Christ is willing to have me take his own words and make them the message of his faithful ambassador to this smitten household. " A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father."

TRIBUTES.

Under the heading "Charles Washington Baird — Model Man and Minister," the Rev. Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D., wrote in the *New York Evangelist* of April 14, 1887:

We are apt to remember men in some words spoken by them or of them. The tenderest memorials are not infrequently a sentence short as an epitaph, or an expression brief as an epigram. We usually recall them in picture as they looked on some special occasion. Our thoughts speak the portraiture in a few words that convey its full significance.

It is in this way that we write beneath the name of our brother beloved the words given above. He was just that — grandly and always that: man and minister met in him, and both were models. No one ever saw him in any other character. We knew him personally for more than thirty years; saw him often; sometimes stood opposed to him; worked with him, and voted occasionally against him; loved and admired him always; and never saw in him any thing unbecoming the man or the minister. In all this time it is impossible to recall a word, a gesture, or even a look, that was not in perfect accord with his character as a model of manhood and of ministerial demeanor. This is very high praise, but it is honest, and it is truth. Somehow we expected it of him while he was with us, and it only surprises us as we write it out, now that he is gone, that we did not more fully realize the rare eminence which this modest man was holding so easily among us, yet so naturally that not until now did we ask how it was done.

The explanation, like that of many things, is only another form of assertion. The rare quality of a man is the secret of his life. We discover it, but we do not define; we enjoy, yet do not explain. The most we can do is to recount the varied manifestation of this subtle spirit of rare manhood, turning it round in the light of loving memory to make its diamond-like facets shine.

This, too, is best for us, for men pass away in the hurry of a fleet life, all too soon fading out of touch and impression among their busy fellows, who loved and learned of them but a little while ago. To memories overburdened, the claim that is responded to readily must be the best of the very best men. Of these we wisely think the oftener, suffering, as is needful, all the rest to fade—faults, into oblivion ; virtues, into a broad track of light like the wake of a ship under sun or moon.

The fact that lifts Dr. Baird into prominence in the memory of a wide circle, has been already stated in the word *model.* He was not the greatest man in any other way than in this : that he was simply and consistently ideal. He lived in the country parsonage of a quiet parish, much at home, mainly busy for his own people ; yet he left a loss behind his bier that was felt in the city and to the limits of the Presbytery in every denomination. This is his memorial to-day : " Everybody misses Dr. Baird." The man is missed ; the minister is mourned. The secret of it is, the man was complete. This is rarer than to be distinguished for great excellence in certain things. The complete man is so nearly faultless that we write him perfect. So we write of our brother. Somehow we feel in our bereavement so poor that we hardly expect to look upon his like in this world. There will be a place among us vacant for the rest of our lives. It is too much to hope that one so very nearly perfect, in a certain modest, lovable way peculiarly his own, will come to us without time. His friends have the right to regard him as a special gift, a peculiar treasure. There is no disparagement of any great or good man in this eulogy of one whom God gave to us in the same sovereign way in which He took him—all too soon for us, none too soon for him who was always ready — to the glory that sometimes seemed to smite him even while he waited for the final disclosure that came with death. His rare graces of manner and of character were the points where divine grace became manifest. His spirit was surely and always " the candle of the Lord." It is a reverent act, therefore, to love him and cherish his worth. There are men whom it is piety to remember well. The adulation of some is a hero-worship that is both senseless and utterly selfish. Great men have parasites who wriggle along in their wake while they live, and weave themselves in conspicuous mourning after they are dead. It is therefore a comfort to love and to lament a man who hid himself in Christ so that his friendship meant discipleship. Mourning for him is a longing to be with Jesus.

We might sum up the character of Dr. Baird in one word which names its controlling sentiment, *Loyalty.* He was unfailingly loyal to every duty and relation. He bore himself always in loyal observance of every thing that was expected of him or of his profession. There was a fine flavor of chivalry in his appearance. You thought of the chivalric Bayard, whose poses sug-

gested valor alert and ready. One never saw Dr. Baird when he seemed to be in undress or off guard. We recall this impression as made distinctly on the mind of a young minister into whose congregation he first came as a stranger, but afterward as a helper at need. That fine face, cultured in its youthful expression and repose ; that manly, modest bearing, was token to any eye of loyalty to purpose and to calling. That impression has only grown with years and intimacies. It was so lasting because the man was genuine. We know how a clerical coat rather shows a shallow man to disadvantage. We have seen soldiers whose glory was all in their gilded emblems—garnished weakness. But when we find a man who glorifies his uniform, we give him honor. We remember young men who dreaded the regulation dress of clergymen through an honest fear that they could not fill it. Young or old, Baird always filled it. It fitted him as a man ; he honored it as a minister. It was the loyalty of one of the old guard. He was proud of the company, and of the cause. It was not self he considered, but when self is consecrated, it is to be held sacred for that which it represents. A man is to be trusted who thinks dishonor to himself is injury to his flag. That calm courage to assume responsibility, in certainty that no trust should ever be betrayed, was in the face we saw years ago ; it lingered, a sunset glow on the brow as we wept upon his bier. No man was more esteemed for his charity ; few, perhaps, so thoroughly trusted by men of other ecclesiastical connections, yet Dr. Baird was marked for his loyalty to Presbyterianism. If he never forgot that he was a minister, he equally remembered that he was a Presbyterian minister. If he ever seemed to take an adverse decision of his Presbytery to heart, it was found that not his self-love, but his loyalty to his church had been touched. How hard it was to oppose him ! How readily young men came to think he might be right, when to them he seemed most wrong in judgment. And in the main he was right. In all these years how rarely has it happened that his loyal love for the church has not carried weight, and won the case in face of eloquence and urgent impulse. When it was over, the quiet words which had almost been lost in debate, were applauded by the second thought. This loyal man was a good advocate of a good cause ; he was an impartial judge in all. Perhaps the rather exceptional harmony of his Presbytery owed more to him than we knew. Yes, that strong bond of personal affection which has united us, always spoke with his voice and looked from his eye. It was never showy and demonstrative, but always a warm sunshine of cordial good-will and considerate treatment around this loyal, loving brother. His smile was the glow of the fireside, his heart a safe refuge for any, a sacred retreat for all. . . .

But whoever stood near enough to him, saw in his outlook upon life and eternity a radiance that shone on his work—"a light that never was on sea or

land." These are the prophecies of the perfect yet to be possessed. They came to him — gleams of unearthly beauty, strains of song, unspoken poems, — all in that wonderful temple of his inner life which to-day is heaven.

The Rev. Dr. C. S. Vedder, pastor of the Huguenot church, Charleston, S. C., wrote of Dr. Baird in the *Charleston News and Courier :*

Holy writ describes the dismay of a people : "They shall be as when a standard-bearer fainteth." One of the most beautiful and historic towns in the vicinity of New York City has learned, by pathetic experience, the meaning of these words. A standard-bearer has fainted and fallen among them, not in the shock, but with all the suddenness of the battle-field.

Dr. Charles W. Baird, the man of ideal purity, gentleness and sweetness of spirit, cherished by those who knew him with a love almost "passing the love of women," honored, trusted, and revered as few men ever have the happiness to be, by all of every class and creed among whom his guileless life was lived — the pastor, for a quarter of a century of one loving and beloved flock, but so large in his sympathies and unstinted in his helpfulness that those of every other flock called and knew him as friend and brother— Dr. Charles W. Baird has ceased from among men, and the hush which has fallen upon the places and hearts that shall know him here no more is like that of the army when its standard-bearer falleth.

The public journals of the great county of Westchester, New York, come to us in mourning for the loss of this greatly good man. They tell us that all business ceased, and men wandered aimlessly about the pleasant town of Rye, as though they had no heart for any thing but the thought of their bereavement, on the day that the good pastor was laid to his rest ; that the magnificent church edifice in which he had ministered — having all the proportions and majesty of a cathedral, and yet with every pew free to all, and largely occupied by the poor — could not contain the immense throngs that came to the burial ; that ministers of every denomination were present to bear testimony to the sense of personal and professional bereavement, and that the tribute of tender words and tears was such as to make the occasion memorable forever to those who were present.

There is something in such an outpouring of feeling for the loss of one man in one community which may well concern every other man of every other community. It is such a recognition of the glory of one good life as will be helpful to make other lives good. But Charleston has other reason than this for taking to heart the loss of the gentle pastor of Rye. Dr. Baird had consecrated his life to research in matters of peculiar interest to our city. He was known, from correspondence, to a large number of our citizens ; others

had been guests at the pleasant home of Dr. Baird. During this winter, he had proposed and promised to spend some time in Charleston, in verifying dates and securing new facts for his remaining volumes of "The Huguenot Emigration to America." Immediately after our calamity of the earthquake, and before appeal had been made, Dr. Baird had a collection, of large amount, raised in his church for a church of Charleston.

For our ancient and dear city he had great interest, and even enthusiasm, and looked forward with fond anticipation to the time when he should visit its eventful scenes. A characteristic Charleston welcome awaited him. But it was not to be. Preparing a discourse for the Sabbath service on the Saturday preceding, February 5th, he seemed to have intimation that his rest was near. To his wife, who entered his study at that time, and who, noticing something wrong, asked as to his health, he complained of an affection of the head, and then added immediately, "But you know I am ready." With these words he laid down his pen and never spoke or knew aught again. On Thursday following, the end came. Charleston, denied the privilege of greeting him in its homes in life, asks to lay the simple tribute of her respect and heart-felt regret upon his tomb. It is over such a grave as his, in its relation to those who weep above it, that the words have meaning :

"Then for the living be the tear,
And for the dead, the smile."

The following Tribute from the pen of Rev. Charles E. Allison appear in the *Yonkers Statesman*, of Feb. 11, 1887:

The Rev. Charles W. Baird, D.D., lies dead at Rye. He was a filial son, an affectionate brother, a devoted husband, a noble father, a pastor beloved, an earnest preacher of the everlasting gospel, a ripe scholar, a Christian gentlemen. Among his brother ministers he was as "the beloved disciple" among the apostles. He was an ensample to his flock. "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness and it clothed him ; his judgment was as a robe and a diadem. He was eyes to the blind and feet was he to the lame. He was a father to the poor and the cause which he knew not he searched out."

His people walk about the streets of Rye and sit in their homes as if there were one dead in every house. The aged bow down and weep, and little children stop in the midst of their play. Those who knew him best

speak in subdued tones of his gentleness, his heavenly mind, his loving heart, his affection for all, and how by his lips and his life he helped them to know the Christ whose he was and whom he served.

J. M. Ives, Esq., wrote in the *Portchester Journal*, under the heading "The Record of a Good Man's Life":

The truthful and eloquent eulogies pronounced at the funeral service of the late Rev. Charles W. Baird, D.D., covered perhaps all that need be said in regard to his life and character. It may not, however, be amiss, that to these should be added an humble tribute from a pen which he often and kindly commended, and from a heart which, in many of its tastes, emotions, and sympathies, was responsive to his own.

Amid the noise and bustle, the excitements and contentions of this busy world, we occasionally meet with men who, without asserting for themselves any superiority, or striving to be conspicuous, occupy a wider sphere of usefulness, and exert a more commanding influence than the most ambitious and forward can ever attain ; and Dr. Baird was one of these. Observant, thoughtful, and sympathetic, intensely interested in the welfare and well-being of his fellow-men, refined in manner, and gentle in speech, he possessed a quiet force that was recognized and respected in all the interests with which he was associated, as well as in the community of which he was a citizen. He was indeed a man of remarkable culture and courtesy, conscientious in duty, firm in principle, tender in emotion, delicate in perception, of a nature most harmoniously and admirably balanced and made up of rare and attractive qualities.

In his office as a Christian minister, he was a man of earnest piety, who preached the gospel by example as well as by precept. His concern for the spiritual welfare of others was always manifest, though never intrusive ; there was an atmosphere of purity about him that was a charm to the good, and a rebuke to the vicious. His concern for the religious and moral training of the young was as constant as his endeavor to establish them on the strong foundations of religious truth and to shape their minds in the direction of the highest attainments. In his preaching, his pastoral admonition, and his frequent addresses to the graduates of the schools, he uniformly inculcated the duty of making a thorough practical Christianity the life-governing principle. In his churchmanship he was broad and catholic, and while properly conforming to the discipline and practice of his own, he often worshipped and communed with fellow-Christians of other denominations and ministered at their altars ; and in like manner his parish work was not restricted within the boundaries of his own congregation ; the whole community recognized in him a man so helpful and consoling in ad-

versity and affliction, that many weary and heavy laden sought his counsel and sympathy, and were cheered by his words of comfort and hope. While thus continually devoting much time and attention to others, he was observant of the slightest service rendered to his church or his people, and never failed to acknowledge it as a personal obligation. His presence brought peace, and left a charm in every household, and his visits, however brief, or infrequent they might necessarily be, were highly prized and appreciated by all who were privileged to receive them, and these were not limited to any sect, station, or condition in life. . . .

As a citizen, Dr. Baird was an intensely patriotic and loyal man. A firm believer in the unity of the government, and its ardent supporter, he recognized the duty as well as the privilege of exercising the right of suffrage, and however distasteful and unpleasant the surroundings of the ballot-box, he never failed to come up to the poll and deposit his vote, determined that if good and proper men were not elected to office, it should be through no fault or neglect of his. He gave much time and thought to public matters, not only in the government and State, but in the town and its surroundings. He endeavored by all means in his power to beautify and adorn it. He encouraged every effort to improve the physical and mental condition of its inhabitants, making it a point to be present at all literary and scientific entertainments, often, doubtless, at the sacrifice of his own rest and convenience. His patriotism prompted his work of the history of the town and that of the Huguenot emigration, for he believed that a knowledge of the men and the incidents, the martyrs and the trials, the devotion and the sacrifice which preserved a free religious faith, and initiated a popular system of government, would stimulate the generations to come to value and maintain the blood-bought heritage. As he was known to all so he was beloved by all, and as he passed along all shared his recognition and kindly greeting. We may aptly quote for him from the description of the good English vicar :

> " Even children followed with endearing wile,
> And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

He has passed away from us at an age when we had reason to hope for many years of usefulness, yet with his life-work well rounded and completed. He has left the impress of his thought and culture upon many minds which now, and in the days to come, will rise up and call him blessed. We, his contemporaries, mourn that we shall see his face and hear his kindly voice no more, but we thank God for the privilege of having known him, and for all the pleasant associations which cluster around his memory, and make the world brighter and better because he lived in it.

Extract from the minutes of a meeting of the Session of the Rye Presbyterian Church, held March 21, 1887.

It having pleased the great Head of the Church, our Heavenly Father, in His inscrutable wisdom, to take our pastor, the Rev. Charles W. Baird, D.D., honored and tenderly beloved, from the activities of this life to the glorious service of the Temple, not made with hands, and to the presence of the Lamb, who is the light thereof,—

Resolved, That we, the Session of the Presbyterian Church of Rye, bow with profound grief, but humble submission, to the will of that Lord and Master, whose faithful servant he was.

Resolved, That we cannot adequately convey, in words, our sense of loss, or fittingly express our appreciation of the honor and privilege we esteem it, to have been so long and intimately associated with one of such rare godliness of life and purity of character. He was an earnest follower of Christ, of singular modesty, of unfailing courtesy, a ripe scholar, a public-spirited citizen, loyal, gentle, and true — a Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That in his death this church will ever mourn a faithful pastor, who loved God and preached truth and righteousness ; a judicious counsellor, pitiful to the weak, yearning after the erring, whose heart never wearied, whose hands never faltered in ministering to the wants of even the lowliest. It was his happiness to serve his people, also the community in which he dwelt, and they pray that they may so follow his teachings, so copy his example, that finishing their earthly course with joy, they may live with him unto God, forevermore.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our dear pastor our warmest sympathy, in this hour of deep sorrow and distress, and we pray that the precious Saviour will bring to their hearts the sustaining grace and comfort which they need.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of session, and that a copy of them, duly attested, be sent to Mrs. Baird.

W. H. PARSONS,
Clerk of Session.

Resolutions of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Church of Rye, N. Y.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Church of the town of Rye, held at the chapel Tuesday afternoon, February 22, 1887 (the regular quarterly meeting on the first Monday of February having been omitted on account of the illness of the pastor), the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His all-wise Providence, to take unto Himself the beloved pastor of this church, the Reverend Charles W. Baird, D.D., whereby great sorrow and bereavement have fallen upon the church and congregation and the entire community; and

WHEREAS, It is customary and eminently fit that with devout submission to the will of God, some official commemoration should be made by us of his long and faithful Christian ministry here, and of his pure and holy character and virtues, which have endeared him to every one who knew him. Now therefore be it

Resolved, That we are deeply grateful to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, for the ministry of more than a quarter of a century, during which our pastor has been permitted to exercise his pure and gentle influence upon our lives and of those who have gone before him. None knew him but to love him. The poor, the humble, those of all degrees and stations in life and without respect to creed or denominational belief, in joy or sorrow, alike received his love and sympathy. In all times of affliction his comfort was ever ready and abundant, and out of every event in life he sought to draw a lesson to teach us the way to God. In the law of God did he meditate day and night. As a citizen he was patriotic and devoted to the right. As a scholar he was learned and most diligent in research, and in his printed works has left behind him models of painstaking and valuable accuracy, in which it seems as though nothing had been left undone to illustrate, exhaust, and adorn the subjects which he treated.

In the pulpit, and in all the departments of pastoral life, he lived very near the hearts of his people, always preaching the very word of Christ, and subordinating all that was of self, to the one grand and single end and aim of drawing his people to and keeping them with Christ; setting before them meanwhile the example of a life pure and holy, and consistent with every truth which he taught. We feel that this is unusual eulogy, but that all who knew him will bear us witness that it is just and true. Of him it may be said, with truest meaning, that he lived and was a Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That his good works shall live after him, that his noble and gentle example remains for emulation, that the lives which he influenced so much for good shall show the results of his teaching, and that this church and congregation, with Divine assistance, shall strive to continue his labors.

Resolved, That this minute be entered at length upon the records of the church, and a copy engrossed and presented to Mrs. Baird.

WILLIAM LIFE, *Chairman.*
EDWARD B. COWLES, *Secretary.*

Minute of the Presbytery of Westchester.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Westchester, held at Peekskill, April 19, 1887, the following minute was adopted:

WHEREAS, God in his Providence has taken from us our beloved brother and presbyter, Rev. Charles W. Baird, D.D., the Presbytery of Westchester desires to place upon record its deep sense of affliction and loss in the removal of this brother beloved, Therefore

Resolved (1), That in the death of Rev. Dr. Baird the members of this Presbytery experience, individually, the grief of a personal affliction and a profound sense of loss in the removal of one who occupied a central place in our hearts, and whose loving Christian fellowship has ever been to us an inspiration and a benediction.

Resolved (2), That the Presbytery takes pleasure in recording not only its high appreciation of the qualities of personal character, the marked conscientiousness and fidelity, as well as the Christian gentleness and urbanity which in so eminent a degree characterized our brother, but also of his faithfulness and the value of his influence, the wisdom of his counsels, and the fervor of his prayers, by which he contributed so much to the satisfaction and profit of our meetings of Presbytery.

Resolved (3), That the Presbytery desires to express its sincere and heartfelt sympathy with the afflicted family circle, from which the beloved husband and father and brother has been taken, and also with the bereaved session and church and congregation from whom one of the best of friends and wisest of counsellors, as also one of the most laborious and faithful and efficient of pastors has been taken away.

Resolved (4), That in the death of Dr. Baird the community and church at large have occasion to mourn the loss of one whose eminent and exact scholarship, and whose indefatigable diligence and industry have accomplished much in the way of investigating and preserving important historical facts, not only as pertaining to the churches of our own Presbytery and of our country, but whose investigations have been of great value to the church and country at large, and whose reputation and work as an historian has been not only an honor to the Presbytery, but of important service to the cause and kingdom of our Lord and Redeemer.

Resolved (5), That these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of Presbytery, and a copy of them be sent to the family of our deceased brother.

Attest— W. J. CUMMING,
Stated Clerk.

From the minutes of the Synod of New York, in session in the city of Auburn, October 20, 1887.

Extract from the report of the Committee on the History of the Synod:

The Synod of New York at its last meeting appointed a committee consisting of Rev. Messrs. Charles W. Baird, Samuel M. Hopkins, and T. Ralston Smith, and Elders Walter Carter and Lewis H. Clark, "to prepare a history of the Synod and report the next year." This action was taken in accordance with the recommendation of the General Assembly "in view of the approaching one hundredth session in 1888."

The lamented death, since the last meeting of the Synod, namely on the 10th of February last, of the chairman of the committee, Dr. Charles Washington Baird, than whom none other in the Church could have been more fitly appointed to that work, has devolved upon the second member of the committee the preparation of the report.

Charles W. Baird was the son of the late Dr. Robert Baird, whose eminent services in the cause of temperance and evangelization, both in Europe and America, make his name still familiar and dear to the Church.

His mother was a lady of French family and Huguenot extraction, which, together with the fact of several years' early residence in Paris and Geneva, explains the source of his enthusiastic and highly successful researches into the history of French Protestantism, resulting finally in his admirable work in two volumes on the history of the Huguenot emigration to America.

Completing, in 1852, his studies for the ministry at the New York Union Theological Seminary, he sailed immediately for Europe under appointment to take charge of the American Chapel in Rome. It was still the day (God be praised that we have witnessed its close!) of the Pope's temporal sovereignty in Rome; and Mr. Baird could preach the Gospel within the walls of that city, only under the protection of the American flag, and in the house of our then resident minister at the Papal court, Mr. Lewis Cass. Let us further praise God that that diplomatic line has expired, and that America has no longer any use for an ambassador in the Italian peninsula, except at the court of the elected and constitutional ruler of united and emancipated Italy.

Returning to this country Mr. Baird assumed, in 1861, the charge of the church in Rye, Westchester County, which for the twenty-six years following continued to be the scene of his labors. In the face of greatly impaired health and frequent acute suffering, Dr. Baird prosecuted not only his faithful pastoral work in this place, attended with a large blessing and frequent additions to the church, but engaged in literary activities demanding laborious and long-continued research. One of the earliest and best known of these (though published anonymously) was his collection of Presbyterian liturgies under the title of "Eutaxia." His residence among the French and Swiss Protestants, who have perpetuated in their worship the decorous and devotional forms left them by John Calvin and other leaders of the Re-

formed Church, led him to appreciate highly the "strength and beauty" there is in well-conducted services in which the people openly take part. This work, showing that the earliest Reformed Presbyterian churches worshipped by means of pre-composed forms, gave perhaps its first impulse to that strong and growing sentiment in our churches which demands something more of dignity and propriety than heretofore in the conduct of our public devotional services.

Several minor and local historical publications were followed at length by Dr. Baird's greatest history, the fruit of many years' toil, "The Huguenot Emigration to America," a book whose admirable typographic dress, from the publication house of Messrs. Dodd, Mead, & Co., fitly corresponds to the elegance and finish of the history itself.

Of Dr. Baird's personal qualities, which endeared him so much to his friends and his brethren in the ministry, his uniform Christian gentleness and courtesy, his moderation and love of peace, and the sweet devoutness that colored all his words and actions, it is needless further here to speak. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*

The committee trusts to the indulgence of the Synod in laying this brief tribute on the tomb of one who, had Providence spared his life, would with such eminent fitness have appeared as their historian on this occasion.

Attest— T. Ralston Smith,
Stated Clerk, Synod of N. Y.

Memorial Minute of the Directors of Union Theological Seminary:

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York, held May 10, 1887, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

The Directors of the Union Theological Seminary desire to place on record their appreciation of the loss that the Seminary in common with the church at large has sustained in the death of the Rev. Charles Washington Baird, D.D., of Rye, N. Y., an Alumnus of the class of 1852, and for more than a year a member of this Board. Dr. Baird was born at Princeton, N. J., August 28, 1828, was graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1848, was ordained to the gospel ministry by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and was for several years chaplain of the American congregation at Rome, Italy. He was afterwards pastor of a Reformed church in Brooklyn, and for more than twenty-five years preceding his death, which occurred February 10, 1887, he was the beloved pastor of the Presbyterian church at Rye.

Of distinguished parentage, Dr. Baird inherited characteristics that fitted him peculiarly for wide usefulness, and which, united with a ripe scholar-

ship and a truly consecrated spirit, made him interesting and instructive as a preacher, and judicious and influential as a pastor. His contributions to literature manifested extensive research and conscientious study, while the purity of his style and his clearness in expression placed the results before his readers in most attractive form.

Personally, he was singularly attractive, and by his gentleness of manner, his unfailing courtesy, and his quick appreciation of the character and needs of others, he made himself universally beloved.

As an alumnus and a director of this institution he was faithful to all its interests. Punctual in his attendance upon the meetings of the Board, eminently wise in counsel and efficient in action, he will be greatly missed by his associates in office.

In every department of life's duties he was a faithful, devoted servant of his divine Master, and the command to lay down his work on earth, although coming suddenly and unexpectedly, was to him but the summons to rest from his labors, and to enter into the joy of his Lord.

To the bereaved church and family the members of this Board, in transmitting to them this tribute of respect and affection, would also tender the assurance of their heart-felt Christian sympathy.

Resolutions of the Vestry of Christ Church, Rye, N. Y.

At a special meeting of the vestry of Christ Church, Rye, held February 11, 1887, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from among us our beloved friend, the Reverend Charles W. Baird, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian church at Rye, we, the rector, wardens, and vestrymen of Christ Church, Rye, have met together to testify to our sympathy in the bereavement which has befallen our town and county. For nearly twenty-six years, the term of his pastorate at Rye, Dr. Baird, by his exalted Christian character, his active benevolence, his cordial sympathy and co-operation in every good work, his ever-ready and helpful ministrations to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, has embalmed his memory in the hearts of all of our people. Although attached to his own church, he always manifested the most kindly interest in the welfare of ours, and in affliction we counted him a friend.

Resolved, That the rector, wardens, and vestrymen of Christ Church, Rye, attend the funeral of the late Reverend Charles W. Baird, D.D., at the Presbyterian church, Rye, on Monday, February 14, 1887, at 2 o'clock P.M.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the family of the deceased our sincere and heart-felt sympathy, and the assurance of the prayers by our church that God may sustain, strengthen, and support them by His gracious help.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be entered in the minutes of the church, and that a copy of them be sent to the family of Dr. Baird.

THOMAS T. SHERMAN,
Clerk pro-tem.

Action of the Huguenot Society of America:

The Huguenot Society of America, since its last meeting, has heard with the deepest sorrow of the sudden death, on the 10th of February last, at his home in Rye, New York, of the Reverend Charles W. Baird, D.D., one of the few who originally met at the New York Historical Society's library to organize this Society, and the learned author of the "History of the Huguenot Emigration to America," recently published. Dr. Baird was the first to arouse publicly the descendants of the Huguenots in America to the importance of preserving and perpetuating the early history and records of their French and Walloon ancestors. Upwards of twelve years before his death he called the attention of those of them in Westchester County and New York City to this subject in an address at White Plains before the Westchester County Historical Society, and which was repeated upon other occasions.

He was the earliest to examine and study the ancient records of the French Church in this city, freely opened to him by the late rector of that church and its wardens and vestrymen, with the spirit, eye, intention, and hand of the historian. In like manner did he investigate those of New Rochelle and New Paltz in this State, and those of the Huguenot centres in the other old States, as well as the many private papers willingly laid before him. The results, in part, of these labors are now before the world in the two volumes aforenamed, which will ever remain a monument of his ability and skill in this, his chosen field of historic research.

Twice did he cross the ocean for no other purpose than to investigate and profit by the European sources of American Huguenot history. And this, too, of his own volition and at his own charge. Personally Dr. Baird was one of the most refined, retiring, and courteous of men, as well as one of the most winning. Firm in his convictions, gentle in his manners, sensitive in his feelings, he was ever the Christian gentleman, and the loved and trusted guide, counsellor, and friend. In placing this memorial notice upon its minutes, this Society bears witness to the great loss which, in common with all of Huguenot descent in America, it has sustained in his too early death, and adds its tribute, so justly due to his memory and his worth, in loving testimony of its appreciation of his early and successful labors in the field of American Huguenot history.

EDWARD F. DE LANCEY,
B. F. DE COSTA,
Committee.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1887.

The Westchester County Historical Society, of which Rev. Dr. C. W. Baird was a vice-president, took the following action at its annual meeting, October 28, 1887:

The Westchester County Historical Society places upon its records, with the deepest regret, this memorial notice of one of its earliest and most distinguished members, who has passed from earth since its last meeting—the Rev. Charles W. Baird, D.D., of Rye.

A divine of learning, devoted as a pastor, and a thorough gentleman, he enjoyed and merited the love and high respect, not only of his own people, but of all with whom he came in contact.

As the historian of Rye in this county, and of the Huguenot emigration to America, he proved his ability and thoroughness of research, and full appreciation of his subjects, and his works will be regarded as among the most valuable for their interest, fulness of detail, and agreeable style, that have been issued from the American press. In other fields of literary work he was equally distinguished, and this Society will ever bear his memory in high honor and sincere regard.

SERMONS.

I.

THE YOKE AND THE CROSS.

Matt. xi. 28.
"Take My yoke upon you.'

Mark. x. 21.
"Take up the cross."

Here are two invitations to a duty — the duty of serving Christ; and here are two images of that service — the yoke, and the cross. It would not occur to any one of us to select either of these images for the purpose of an invitation. Both the objects named are uninviting, displeasing. The yoke, as it was in use in our Saviour's time, and as it is still used in Eastern countries, a heavy wooden frame, designed for beasts of labor. And the cross, familiar to the Jews in our Saviour's day, though a Roman and not a Jewish instrument of death, a heavy wooden frame designed for condemned criminals. Both of these objects were burdensome. Both were imposed, unwillingly endured, never assumed. The yoke was put upon the neck. The cross was laid on the shoulders, and carried by the criminal, or by some one acting for him, to the place of crucifixion. "Him they compelled to bear his cross."

The first thing then that we notice in these sayings of Christ is the seeming contradiction involved in each of

them. Each contains a double paradox, or seeming contradiction. First, in the command, *Take* My yoke, *Take* the cross. Submit, we should rather expect to hear it said, in connection with figures like these, yield to the yoke, the cross; not, assume it, lay hold upon it, appropriate it. And secondly, in the design of the command. The yoke is for labor. All its associations are with toil hard and strenuous work. Yet Christ bids us take it in order to rest. Ye shall find rest unto your souls. The cross is for suffering and death. All its associations are with pain and sacrifice. Yet Christ says to the young man who comes to Him asking, what shall I do that I may have eternal life? take up the cross; choose that, and you choose eternal life.

Thus we see that these sayings of our Lord, have this in common with each other, that they present to us a great duty in a very striking form. The duty, I repeat, is that of giving ourselves to His service, submitting ourselves, freely and gladly, to the obedience of His will, following Him in a path of self-denial. And the paradox, the seeming contradiction involved in the use of the strong figure employed in each case to set forth this idea, stamps the thought upon the mind in a form most definite. "Take My yoke upon you. Take up the cross."

Another fact to be noticed is that these are the only sayings of Jesus in which that duty is thus stated. We meet with no other images in the Gospel, of submission to Christ, obedience to His will, self-denial for His sake, at all analogous to these in our text. The yoke and the cross are the two chosen emblems of His service. And the command coupled with these images — "Take My yoke upon you, take up the cross" — is like nothing else in the Saviour's teachings.

Again, these sayings of Christ have this in common with each other, that the object mentioned by the Saviour is in each case an object identified with Himself, to receive which is to come into fellowship with Him. Take My yoke upon you. Share this service, this toil, with Me. Take up the cross — the cross that speaks of My sufferings and death. Each of these objects is His. And to appropriate it is to be brought into a close relation and companionship with Christ.

Again, these two invitations of Christ to men have this in common, that both were addressed to persons in whom the Saviour was deeply interested, whom He was exceedingly anxious to win to His service, and who seemed peculiarly susceptible to His persuasions, and very likely to be influenced by them. You remember in what connection it was that Jesus spoke to men of His service as a yoke. Come, He said to those among the multitudes whom He saw to be unsatisfied, unhappy, longing for inward peace, and weary of seeking that peace through the outward forms of a ceremonial religion. "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you." And you remember on what occasion it was that Christ spoke to a man of His service as a cross: when one came running, and kneeled to Him, and asked with such earnestness and ingenuousness, What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? "Come," said Jesus, beholding him with a love that sought his salvation, "take up the cross and follow Me."

But now with these points of correspondence, there are certain points of marked difference between these sayings of Christ, which I shall ask you to consider also. And first, the Lord Jesus spoke to men of bearing His

yoke, before He mentioned His cross to them. It was many months after that invitation addressed to the laboring and the heavy-laden, in which He used the former of these emblems, that Jesus began to show unto His disciples how that He must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders, and chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day; and that for the first time He made use of this image of His sufferings and death, the cross, as an emblem of the self-denial that would be necessary in the case of every one who should follow Him. The yoke preceded the cross in the order of Christ's teachings as we have them in the Gospels. And so, we may remark, in the order of the Saviour's dealings with us, the duty of submitting to Christ comes first. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him. This is the first thing to do. What there will be for you of cross-bearing you cannot foresee now. The present, the immediate duty for you, is to assume His yoke.

In the second place, I remark that the Lord Jesus spoke to men of bearing His yoke in terms which He never used when He spoke of bearing the cross. He said: "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." Those who come to Him to seek rest, in submitting to His authority and will, find it so. Love to Him makes it pleasant to obey Him. His commands indeed are no other than those which once seemed irksome and displeasing when the heart had not yielded to God. But now that the heart is changed, now that it feels a Saviour's love, duty ceases to be viewed as repugnant, hateful. For the sinful nature indeed that has not been utterly destroyed, it will still be what it was, hard and against the grain. But for the new man, the nature that

has been created in you by God's good spirit, duty is light, and grace makes the doing of it easy. But observe that Christ never spoke of His cross as light, or of cross-bearing as easy. It is not joyous but grievous. Religion in one of its aspects is stern and trying. Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life. There are struggles with sin that are like resisting unto blood. There are self-denials that are like plucking out an eye or parting with very life. Christ does not call these things easy.

Thirdly, let us notice that of the two images before us, and of the ideas that are connected with them, the one was much more familiar to our Lord's hearers than the other. It was far less difficult to understand Him when He spoke of taking on a yoke, than when He spoke of taking up a cross. The Jews could not be surprised when the Saviour referred to His service under this name. They themselves were in the habit of speaking of their religious law, the ceremonial law of Moses, as it was interpreted to them by the Scribes and Pharisees, as a yoke, and they were accustomed to this image as an emblem also of political subjection. At this very time, the iron yoke of Roman despotism was resting upon their nation, just as in former ages their fathers had groaned under the burden of the Assyrian and Babylonian rule. Besides, they were familiar with this image, as it frequently appeared in their Scriptures. God said to His people, when He had brought them forth out of Egypt: "I have broken the bands of your yoke." The Jews were warned by Moses, that if they should forsake the Lord, He would put a yoke of iron upon their neck, till He should have destroyed them. Isaiah prophesied of the coming of Christ, to break the yoke of His people's burden. Jere-

miah was directed of God to make yokes, and send them to the kings of Edom and Moab and other neighboring nations, with a message from God bidding them submit to the king of Babylon and serve him, until the time should come for the downfall of that kingdom. All men know that such yoke-bearing, whether for individuals or for nations, though it may not be pleasant, is often necessary and useful. Human nature needs restraints, and God in His wisdom sees to it that we shall have them. Providence lays them upon us, and whilst the yoke is not of our choosing, often the safest and best thing for us to do is to submit to it. Hananiah, the false prophet, took the yoke which Jeremiah had placed upon his own neck, as a sign to his people that they must submit to the dominion of the king of Babylon, and broke it in the presence of all the people, and said: "Thus saith the Lord, even thus will I break the yoke of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, from the neck of all nations within the space of two full years." But God sent word to him: "Thou hast broken the yoke of wood, but I have put a yoke of iron upon the neck of all these nations." Often the very worst thing that could befall us would be the sudden removal of providential checks and burdens from us, a sudden emancipation from bonds which we have thought severe, a freedom to act our own pleasure and serve our own ends. How many have lived to testify to the truth of the prophet's words: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Better a strict rule than no rule. Better a stern, hard discipline than lawlessness. For the heaviest, sorest yoke that can be laid upon us, is the yoke of Satan's service; and when the sinner thinks himself most free, to find his happiness in the pleasures of sin, he is most a slave.

I say, then, that in using this image to represent His service, our Lord employed language very familiar to His hearers, and very clear, I add, to us. Submit we must in this life, and as the finite and mortal beings that we are, to discipline, to restraint, to bounds and limitations that may fitly be likened to a yoke. There is no escape for us, no choice between service and freedom; but ah! we have a choice as to the service. The Lord Jesus Christ invites us to choose His service, and tells us that in so doing we shall find rest for our souls. In every other service, under every other yoke, we shall experience, sooner or later, dissatisfaction, weariness, unrest. It may be from no fault in the service. You are tied down to business. It is an honest, a useful employment to which Providence has manifestly called you, and in which Providence manifestly detains you. But you chafe under its burdens and amid its restrictions; you weary of its monotony; you droop under its narrow and low prospects; you are disappointed with its poor and mean rewards. Or, though the occupation be congenial, and though prospered in it beyond all expectation, still, it is in vain that you seek in its gains and profits the rest and the peace of soul for which you secretly thirst. "The world can never give the peace for which we sigh." Much more, if the service be in itself sinful, if the yoke be the yoke of self-indulgence, of sensuality, of grasping covetousnesss, much more must there be discord in the soul, from an outraged conscience and from opposition to a holy God. But Christ says: "Take My yoke upon you. Come to Me for rest. In My service you shall have peace with God, and peace with self, and peace with nature, and peace with all the orderings and appointments of Providence." Your yoke, your burden, the pressure

of which you will feel in your daily duties and under your daily trials—it will not be the claims of business, the necessities of your position, the force of circumstances, the responsibilities of life, so much as Christ's service, into which duties and trials and responsibilities shall all resolve themselves; and though you seem to be the busy, toil-worn man of trade, or the patient worker in the home, you shall have it to say: "I serve the Lord Christ"; and you shall be able to testify, His yoke is easy, and His burden is light.

But the cross was no such familiar object to those who heard it mentioned in the Saviour's later teachings. It was an unusual, a mysterious, and an awful emblem; and such it continued to be when men came to understand its meaning, and to see that it represented the trials, the sacrifices, the self-denials of the Christian life.

Once more, I remark, our best preparation for the trials and self-denials that may await us in the Christian life, is to be found in meek submission to the Saviour, and simple obedience to His commands. The easy yoke will prepare us for the hard and painful cross. Sometimes, it is true, difficulties and sufferings meet the disciple at the threshold of the Christian's life, and the first step he takes, in following the Saviour, is the step that costs the most of sacrifice and self-renouncement. So the convert from heathenism has often found it, when all the ties of nature, and all the bonds of friendship held him back from Christ, and only by a wrench that seemed to tear the heart asunder could he break away from the old life and free himself to serve the Lord; and so Christ set His service before the rich young man, who was so wedded to his possessions, and so encased in his self-righteousness, that the only hope to win him to that service was by setting

before him at once its stern requirements, and calling up the cross. But more usually, under the preaching of the Gospel, and amidst the influences of religion, the invitation that goes forth to men, is to take Christ's yoke upon them, to yield their hearts to Him, to engage at once in the work of doing His will, and accustom themselves to His service. More usually, the dealings of God with the young especially are very gentle and gracious; and whilst He bids them count the cost of entering upon that service, and forsaking the service of a sinful world, it is the yoke and not the cross which they have in present, immediate view. God in His providence so orders it that they may first learn the sweet lesson of submission to Jesus, of believing in Him as their Redeemer and obeying Him as their Master, and experiencing the happiness of serving Him in all things, and enjoying the blessed freedom that He gives from the service of sin, and the heavy burden of care, and the weary effort to work out their own righteousness; before they shall know much of religion as a cross; before any great sacrifices will be demanded of them; before any fierce temptations will assail them; before they shall have to drink deep in the cup of sorrow. And this, dear friends, is a very merciful arrangement of our loving Saviour. O how tenderly and how beseechingly He says now to you in the morning of life, comparatively shielded from the troubles of life, and yet really burdened with sin, and needing to be delivered from the bondage of Satan, and from the accusings of a conscience that is not at peace, Come unto Me, and take My yoke upon you! What are all these dealings of your heavenly Father with you, dealings peculiarly gentle and gracious, but opportunities to engage in this good service, to accustom yourself to this light and easy yoke, to

acquaint yourself with this kind Master, to exercise yourself in the daily and common duties of the Christian life that you may be prepared for the stern trials, the sharp conflicts, the bitter sacrifices that may be to come? I do not say that God has promised to keep the cross far away out of your sight, even for the present. Very possibly you may see something of it now. Christ gave intimations of His own approaching sufferings to His disciples long before He began to speak to them plainly on the subject. He told Nicodemus, who came to Him by night, in strange and mysterious language, of some future provision for saving men; of the lifting up of the Son of man, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, long before He even mentioned the cross to Peter and James and John. And so for the young Christian there may be some early foretaste of the trials and self-denials that he must needs endure if faithful to his Saviour; and he must count the cost. He must give himself to Christ for all time and all eternity, and for every service and every experience that may be in keeping for him. He must be willing to take up his cross now. Self is to be denied, sin is to be crucified from the first. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me cannot," says Christ, "be My disciple." But as yet probably it is only a dim and remote conception to you, this cross-bearing, this endurance of great trial, much suffering, for Jesus' sake. What you have to do now is chiefly to bear His yoke. O, see to it that you do that, and do it faithfully and heartily! Learn to accept all duties as part of Christ's service. Home duties, week-day duties, Sabbath and sanctuary duties, labors in the Sabbath-school, secret prayer, Bible study, daily and hourly watching over the life, deeds of kindness towards

others, gifts to the poor and to the Church and Kingdom of Christ—learn to accept all these things as forming part of the service which He invites you to render Him, and which you promised to render Him when you took His yoke upon you. Do not call these duties crosses. Cross-bearing is another thing. Ah! you will know the cross when it comes—when the Master sees fit to lay it upon you. That cross may be bitter reproach for His sake. It may be chronic infirmity or acute suffering. It may be the giving up of cherished plans and purposes, and the taking up of unwelcome and difficult duties. It may be the fight with temptation, the resisting unto blood, striving against sin. But the practice of these quiet duties of the home life, and the daily calling, and the Sabbath and the secret walks with God—this is bearing the yoke of Jesus; and it is an easy yoke. Easy, not to our selfish and corrupt nature, that rebels against any work that is not in harmony with its evil inclinations, but easy to that in you that loves Christ and desires to be holy; easy to the new man, which is renewed after the image of that Saviour, and wants to grow more and more like Him. And the faithful bearing of this yoke will prepare you to endure the cross when God shall send it. Learning of Jesus, as thus you strive humbly to serve Him in lowly, quiet ways, submission, obedience, will bring you so close to Him, into such sweet and blessed sympathy with Him, that when trial comes it will be found that nothing can separate you from His love. Neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate you from the love of God which is Christ Jesus your Lord.

Follow the disciple who has grown accustomed to the Master's yoke into the world of temptation. Follow him

into the valley of affliction and the shadow of death, and will he deny the Lord who bought him, when the light burden of His services is exchanged for the heavy cross? The young Christian goes forth from the home where he has felt the gentle constraint of holy influences, from the Christian fold, where he has become well acquainted with the Shepherd's voice. He goes forth with grateful love and humble confidence towards his Redeemer, to find himself surrounded, in strange scenes, by those who make a mock at sin; to find himself beset with persuasions and enticements to evil, and with the mightier arguments of scorn and ridicule of all that is good. What better preparation could he have for that great trial of principle, that heavy cross, than the bearing of his Saviour's yoke in the times of his security and peace? The Christian who has led a life singularly placid and prospered, with few experiences that could be called crosses, but steadily and earnestly striving to bear the yoke of submission and obedience to his dear Lord, is suddenly brought to know severe suffering or fierce temptation or crushing affliction. What better preparation could there have been for him against that hour than the long acquaintance with Jesus and His service which he has been enabled to gain while wearing that yoke. "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He hath never wronged me," said Polycarp, the early martyr, when commanded to renounce his faith in Christ, that he might escape the flames; "and shall I deny Him now? You threaten me in vain."

Blessed yoke of Jesus! may we bear it willingly, cheerfully, and be ready for the cross, when it shall please Him to send it, that we may honor Him in His own appointed way!

Blessed religion of the Lord Jesus Christ! so beautifully

adapted to our wants; so admirably suited to this life of ours, that flows on uniformly and quietly, and uneventfully, and that yet has its great emergencies, its great catastrophes; a life to live which, we need daily guidance and discipline, and preparation too for the great trials and perils, and for the end that surely cometh!

What folly and what guilt to reject such a Friend and Saviour as the Lord Jesus Christ, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light!

II.

GO AND SEE.

Mark vi. 38.

"He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? Go and see."

Five thousand men, besides women and children, were gathered in a lonely spot, east of the Lake of Galilee, far from town or village. They had been listening for many hours in rapt attention to the words of the Lord Jesus; and He, moved even more than usually with compassion at the sight of so great a multitude, so ignorant, so dependent, so like unto sheep not having a shepherd, seemed as indifferent as they to the lapse of time. But the sun was now sinking behind the hills of Naphtali, and the shadows were lengthening across the little plain where they were met. The disciples are the first to notice the approach of evening, and to bethink themselves of the necessities of the hour. They venture to interrupt their Lord, and remind Him: "This is a desert place, and the time is far passed; send the multitude away, that they may go into the country round about, and buy themselves bread." Jesus "knew what He would do"; but His purpose of mercy toward the famished multitude was a purpose also of wise instruction for His disciples. Before resorting to the expedient of His omnipotence to meet the exigency of the occasion, He sets them upon

contriving how to meet that exigency with their own narrow devices and slender resources. He fastens upon them their responsibility in the matter. And He answered and said unto them: "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." At the same time, calling to Him one of the disciples, Philip of Bethsaida, who was a native of that region, and might therefore be supposed to be better acquainted than the rest with the ways and means for the supply of this urgent want, He said unto him, "Whence shall we *buy* bread that these may eat?" Philip, making a rough estimate of the numbers present, pronounced the plan impracticable. Two hundred pennyworth of bread—a sum much beyond their collective means—would not begin to satisfy the hunger of so many. Clearly the people must be sent away, to shift for themselves. But this thought was one which the Master would not entertain for a moment. He will hold His disciples to the duty. They must provide for the necessities of this multitude. If they cannot buy bread for them, they must give them what they have, be it ever so little. And so, dropping the plan of supply by purchase, and following up His first startling suggestion, "Give ye them to eat," He asks them, "How many loaves have ye? Go and see."

"Go and see." It is possible that these words may have been added to the question, in order to prevent a hasty and inexact reply. The disciples were doubtless ready with the answer. "We have none. We brought no bread along with us. We came on short notice and in secret with Thee to this desert place, not expecting to remain here so long, and we have no provisions, or none worth mentioning." The answer would have been natural, and it would have been true, so far as their knowledge at

the moment extended. For it was only upon inquiry that one of the disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, learned what he hastened to report to the Master: "There is a lad here, which hath five barley-loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they," he added, "among so many?" What, indeed. These loaves were little cakes, three of which were required for the meal of a single person; and the whole stock of the young commissary would not have exceeded the want of one hungry man at that late hour of the day. It was to draw out this fact, which Andrew thought so slight and insignificant, that our Lord added to the question, "How many loaves have ye?" the command, "Go and see."

Our Lord Jesus Christ was a wise and faithful Teacher; and one aim which He had in view in training His disciples while He had them with Him, was to form them to habits of great accuracy in ascertaining and reporting facts. They were to be His witnesses; and what could be more important than that they should become accustomed to careful observation and investigation with regard to the facts which they were to proclaim abroad, and reduce to writing, for the benefit of coming generations—the facts concerning His person and character and work? They were His people; and how necessary that they should resemble Him and represent Him to the world in that feature of His character which is one of its highest excellencies—His truthfulness, His unswerving, unfaltering fidelity to the truth! Just such representatives and witnesses of Christ these disciples came to be. And it is our great satisfaction, in reading these Gospels which were written by some of them, and which contain their testimony as to the facts of the Saviour's history, to know not only that these men were inspired of God to relate

these things, and were preserved from any error or mistake by His controlling Spirit, but also that as men they were honest, intent upon adhering strictly and invariably to the truth; men who had ample opportunity to ascertain the facts which they relate, and who made full use of their opportunity. Our text illustrates the Saviour's method in training His disciples to this office. It was a caution to them against haste and heedlessness in the statement of fact. And as such a caution we may take it to ourselves. We need, every one of us, to beware of a disregard, an indifference to truth, showing itself in loose and random and unguarded statements upon any subjects of our thought and conversation. It matters not, in this view, whether the subject be religious or secular, serious or trivial, involving great and important issues, or only the interests of the passing hour. Truth is one; and we are bound to be, always and in all things, witnesses for the truth. The truth is a trust; and one to which the Master's word may be applied, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Study then to be sincere and accurate in all representations of fact. Cherish, I would say especially to the young (and emphatically to the youth who are here seeking mental improvement and preparation for a future honorable career in life), cherish as of the first importance the habit of exact thinking and exact speaking; the habit of a scrupulous adherence to truth; the habit of seeking to know and seeking to testify only that which is real. Cultivate that profound reverence for truth that will seal the lips to all exaggeration and petty falsification, as well as shield the mind from prejudice and wilful error. Old and young, we may all profit by the caution of our text; a caution against any violation of truth, resulting from inattention

to facts which may be ascertained. The apostle Paul drew a picture of actual life, which may be recognized as readily in our day as it might be in his, when he spoke of certain men as "understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm." How many such there are, and how much of the vain and foolish conversation common among men may be traced to this source! How much of misstatement and misrepresentation, how much of scandal and calumny, and of pernicious error, would be prevented by that care which Christianity bids its followers exercise, to prove all things, to verify the facts, to give no currency to a lie, though the lie may seem to be but a trifle! "Go and see," said Jesus, before His disciples could have time to answer the question, "How many loaves have ye." "Go and see. Take your time and ascertain. Make sure that you are right." *And when they knew*, they said, "Five, and two fishes." It was a lesson of exactitude.

But secondly, it was a lesson as to their responsibility. The question without the command would simply have drawn the attention of the disciples to the smallness of their resources, the emptiness of their common fund. But the command led them on to the discovery that they had something to give the multitude. It was very little, but it was enough to constitute them the stewards of God's bounty, to supply the wants of their hungry fellowmen. It was little, but it was enough to take from them the plea of utter inability; enough to silence the request of selfishness: "Send the multitude away, that they may go and buy themselves bread."

Such a lesson, my friends, the Lord would teach His people now; and I have chosen the words of my text chiefly with the hope that I might impress it upon your

hearts and have it impressed upon my own heart. There is a lesson we all need to learn as to our individual responsibility and our responsibility as a Christian church, to feed others with the bread of life, and to seek at the same time to be fed ourselves. Every Christian has resources of usefulness at his command which he is called upon to devote to the service of his God and the good of his fellow-men. We are living in a world where men are hungering for spiritual food; hungering, though they know it not, for the knowledge, the strength, the peace and comfort which the Gospel only can give. And God says to every child of His who stands amid this throng of the famishing and perishing: "Give ye them to eat; there is no other way in which they can be fed. There are no other agencies at work for their supply. They are left to you to be cared for. You cannot send them away. You cannot let them pass from your reach and influence without fearful guilt to yourself and utter ruin to them. "Give ye them to eat." Now there perhaps is no impulse more natural and more universal among the professed disciples of the Saviour than the impulse to disclaim the ability to meet this demand. The Christian is ready to say, in his timidity, his self-distrust, his conscious weakness and ignorance and inexperience: "I have nothing to give; no stores of knowledge to open; no wisdom to impart; no eloquence with which to plead with men for my Saviour; no force of character to bring to bear upon them; and no time, no leisure to devote to the work; and no wealth, no means to consecrate to the service of my God." Now it is not for us to say how far this language of self-depreciation is prompted by a genuine sense of deficiency and unfitness, or how far it springs from our native selfishness and indolence. Good men

have breathed such confessions of their weakness and ignorance and want of skill. Moses prayed the Lord to let him off from his errand as His messenger; for he said: "I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." And more than one of God's prophets sought to be excused from duty on some such plea of insufficiency. But in every such case, my brethren, the question needs to be pressed upon the conscience and the reason of God's servant, "Is it so? Have no talents been lodged with thee by thy Maker? Go and see."

We may take this direction as applying to the temporal resources of the Church and the individual Christian. The demands that are made in our days upon the Church for help to spread the Gospel throughout the world are many and great. And they are not likely to diminish in the future in frequency and urgency, but rather to increase. The Gospel is gaining access, more and more widely, to the millions in heathen lands to whom Christ would have it carried; and to accomplish this, the efforts of His people must be redoubled, their gifts must be larger, their sacrifices for His cause more noble and cheerful. It is perhaps the first impulse of a Christian congregation to question the possibility of such enlargement. The Church can barely sustain its own institutions. The Christian can scarcely meet his own individual obligations. How shall these growing demands of the cause of missions be met? What shall be the Church's response to the call that comes from India, from China, from Japan, from the heathen at our doors in New Mexico, from the freedmen within our border? My brethren, surely we can hear the Master's voice, saying—as He bends compassionately over these millions who are as sheep not having a shepherd—saying to us, as He said to the Twelve: "How many

loaves have ye? What means, what resources, can ye bring forth—what self-denials can ye exercise for My sake, and for the sakes of these perishing ones? Go and see. Survey, in the light of this great emergency, your possessions, your blessings, and ascertain whether there is not something more that a disciple of Mine can do, to spread My gospel, and to save the souls for whom I died."

Still more manifestly, we may take this direction as applying to the spiritual resources of the Church. There are times when the people of God seem called upon to consider what they are doing, and what in His providence they are called upon to do, for the advancement of His kingdom, within their own immediate field of activity. Perhaps it is the impulse of diffidence or of indolence to say: "We can do no more than we are attempting now. We have barely enough of strength to keep up the efforts already undertaken—to maintain the prayer-meeting, the Sabbath-school, the missionary work. We must be content if we can preserve these agencies of good from drooping and dying out; content to hold on the even tenor of our way. Our spiritual, even as our financial resources, are less than they have been. We have fewer to take the lead, and fewer to follow, in any effort that looks to the saving of souls around us." It would be sad, my brethren, if as a Church we were to indulge in thoughts like these; and more sad still if our faithful Saviour, who is the Head of the Church, should suffer these excuses from duty to pass unrebuked. But no—His word to us, as it was to His disciples, is, "Go and see." Is it true that we, as a people, can do no more to benefit our-fellow men and serve our Master than we are actually doing? Is it true that all the talents have been

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put to use—that all the efficiency of the Church has been exerted—that all the methods of doing good have been tried—that there are none who can be persuaded to work for God—none who can be induced to speak for Christ? Let us resolve at least that such a conclusion shall not be reached without thorough and earnest and prayerful consideration.

But the Church is made up of individual members, and an inquiry into the resources of the Church, its spiritual resources, means after all an inquiry as to the ability of its individual members for doing good, by living to the glory of God, and striving to bless others. And this inquiry, my friends, can be conducted only by Christians themselves, each one listening for himself, for herself, to the Saviour's questions: "How much of power and of opportunity for doing good do ye possess? What can you do, to feed my perishing ones with the bread of life?" and each also heeding the command that comes along with the question: "Go and see." Do not reply heedlessly. Take time to think. Do what the man of business does, be he ever so hurried and crowded. Take account of stock. Investigate your resources. Now we all know full well the answer that springs to the lips—Moses' answer—Isaiah's answer—Jeremiah's answer: "Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak—I cannot work for Thee—for I am a child—only a child in spiritual knowledge and experience, unfit to benefit others, needing myself to be taught and warned and encouraged. I am pressed with business cares, and have no time. I am burdened with troubles; and have no heart for the work."

But again the command comes: "Go and see." This church is composed of persons, very many of whom have been brought up in homes of piety, and have learned the

truth of religion from the precepts and examples of godly parents; persons, very many of whom have been trained in the Sabbath-school, and have lived under the preaching of the Gospel all their lives. And is it so, that one who has enjoyed these advantages can have nothing to impart of the knowledge of eternal life to those who know not the love of Christ? But, moreover, this church is made up very largely of persons who have been taught of God in the school of affliction. What they have learned of religious truth from parents and teachers and pastors has been written over by the sharp trials that trace indelible lines upon the tablets of the heart. They have proved—oh, yes, blessed be God! they have proved the reality of religion by its power to uphold in the dark valley and the deep waters. They have found Christ present and precious when other friends were taken and other props gave way. They know God's great and precious promises as none can know them until they have leaned on them the whole weight of their distress and anguish. They have seen heaven open to receive dear ones who have gone home in the confidence of an unshaken hope, and the Father's house of many mansions is a reality to them. And they have learned the emptiness and worthlessness of sinful pleasures, and the wretchedness of a life without God, by the strong contrast of the Christian's peace in the midst of trouble, the Christian's prospect of a glory soon to be revealed, with the miserable portion of one who is a stranger to God. Oh, then, do you not see it, children of sorrow, tried and afflicted disciples of Jesus, these are experiences that are worth owning, and that are worth using? Can you plead that you have nothing for Christ's service, when He has enriched you with these dearly-

bought and priceless advantages ; these recollections of a Saviour's faithfulness ; these deep-wrought persuasions of the reality of things unseen ; this experimental knowledge of the value of religion ; this acquaintance with Christ, as known in the furnace of affliction. You forgot this, when you thought yourself utterly without fitness and ability to serve the Master. Go then and see. Paul remembered his trials in this light ; and he never rejoiced in the consciousness of his eloquence, his powers of endurance, his knowledge of human nature, as he rejoiced in his sufferings, because they qualified him to be so useful to the afflicted children of God. " Blessed," he cries, " be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth me in all my tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Christian, there are those all around you who need comfort, the true comfort. Go and try to comfort them with the comfort wherewith you yourself have been comforted of God. A great part of a pastor's work and a pastor's privilege is to be a minister of consolation to the downcast and distressed. It is to speak a word to him that is weary. It is to endeavor to profit by the hour when sorrows and losses have made the conscience ten der and the heart soft, to persuade sinners to look to the Saviour who both forgives our sin and bears our troubles ; and it is to bring to God's own children whom He afflicts the messages of peace and love that he is permitted to bring from the Father of consolation. But this work is for you as truly as it is for him. Go and see if it is not so ; and if the meaning of God's afflictive dealings with you is not truly to make you a blessing to others.

Thirdly, the words which the Saviour addressed in our text to His disciples were designed to teach them their insufficiency. They had something for this hungry multitude, something wherewith to obey His command, "Give ye them to eat," but how little it was—how miserably inadequate the supply! And as they brought that little to Jesus, and He blessed it and brake it, and the slender provision of the little fisher's lad became the bountiful feast of thousands, and as they took up of fragments that remained after all had eaten and been filled twelve baskets full, how were these disciples made to recognize and to adore the power and the rich compassion of their Lord, and to feel that all their sufficiency was from Him!

Go, then, Christian, go and see how small are your resources, how poor you are in ability to serve your Master and promote the welfare of your fellow-men, that you may learn to trust Him for His blessing upon your labors, and to praise Him for all success in the endeavor. Be encouraged, even as you see your responsibility and at the same time your insufficiency, to look to Him who multiplied the loaves, and ask Him to make you His honored and happy instrument in saving souls and building up His kingdom. Relying upon Him, engage then in His works. Try, every day, to do something for Jesus. Be ready for any service He may ask of you. Be on the watch for opportunities to counsel, to warn, to comfort, to help your fellow-man as Christ would have you do, acting in His name and stead, representing His benevolence and mercy to men. Go and count up your mercies. Go and review your life. Go and see what God your Saviour, what God who has shaped your life, has done to fit you to be a counsellor, a comforter, a guide, a helper

to others; how God has replenished you that you might feed others with the bread of life; how God has fashioned and furnished you for usefulness, and self-improvement by all the teachings of His word and the dealings of His providence. For, do not forget this, in feeding others you yourself will be fed. The food which the disciples brought for the needs of the multitude was made by the Master's blessing a feast for them as well as for the five thousand. So the Christian will himself be strengthened and cheered as he ministers to the wants of others.

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day and forever. In that yesterday of His life on earth, we see Him waiting for His disciples to come back from the errand upon which He had sent them. The hungry multitude are around Him. His heart is full of compassion toward them. His hands are full of power to bless them. But He waits for the Twelve. Before the miracle shall be wrought, they must go and see what they have to share with these needy ones. They must bring their little store—the five loaves and the two fishes. And they must take the food, multiplied as He breaks it, and distribute it to the people. So, we may believe, Christ waits now for His disciples to recognize their duty, to realize their ability, to feel their obligation, and to come and place their all at His feet, before He will do this great thing, and bless their humble efforts to the saving good of men. Will you not, then, dear hearer, fulfil this errand upon which your Lord sends you? Go and see what you have that you can dedicate to His service and use, with His blessing upon it, for the comfort and enlightenment and guidance of your fellow-men; what truths lodged in your memory; what consolations gath-

ered in the experience of suffering, of sorrow, of anxiety, of bereavement; what views of Jesus and His love; what hopes of heaven; what knowledge of the way of life, gained when, long ago, perhaps, you, a sinner, found a Saviour; what convictions of the exceeding evil and bitterness of sin, wrought in you, it may be, through painful and humbling experiences of the truth, that it is a sad and woful thing to depart from God. Go and see —in the light of prayer and the Bible—what you have that Christ can bless and use for His glory and the good of men.

III.

THE COAT WITHOUT SEAM.

John xix. 23.

"Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout."

The Roman law, under which our Saviour suffered crucifixion, awarded the clothing of the persons sentenced to the penalty of death to the officers of justice whose duty it was to inflict the penalty. Hence it came to pass that the soldiers who crucified Jesus obtained joint possession of His raiment, and divided it among them. Having in this way disposed of all save the coat or tunic, the principal article of clothing, they cast lots to decide whose that should be; for, in the words of our text, "the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout."

Every reader of the Gospel knows why this fact of the distribution of the Saviour's raiment among His executioners is mentioned by the evangelists, and why, in particular, this resort to the lot is stated. Obviously, it is because of the exact fulfilment, here found, of a prophecy uttered many centuries before concerning Christ. The twenty-second Psalm, one of the most remarkable of the Messianic psalms, contains these words, represented as spoken by Messiah: "They part

my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture." This is only one of several striking predictions of the sufferings and death of Christ that occur in the same psalm. It is but one of many similar predictions to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures. But it is one of the most extraordinary, because of its minuteness, and because of the way in which the prophecy was fulfilled to the very letter—even to the casting of the lot for the possession of a part of the Saviour's raiment, inasmuch as it was without seam; and hence the soldiers said, "Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it."

Our text has frequently engaged the attention of readers and students of the Gospel, because of a symbolic meaning which they have thought to see in it. The early Fathers of the Church regarded the seamless coat of Christ as emblematic of the unity and indivisibility of His Church. They were fond of dwelling on the language of the soldiers. "Let us not rend it"; and of drawing a lesson from these words upon the duty of sacredly guarding the Church's oneness, and a warning against schism or separation from the one true fold. This symbolic sense was much insisted upon at the time of the Reformation. Matthew Henry tells us that those who opposed Luther's departure from the Church of Rome had much to say about the "tunica inconsutilis"—the seamless robe; and some of them laid so much stress upon it that they were called the Inconsutilistæ, the advocates of the seamless robe. Such a meaning, we all know, is purely fanciful; and the value of the statement of our text lies not in any figurative sense that may be drawn from it, but in its correspondence with the language of the prophecy to which I have referred. Here is one of those proofs of the truth of God's word, and

of the mission of Christ as the Saviour ordained from of old, which carry conviction to every intelligent and candid mind. The same Scripture that said, "They shall pierce His hands and His feet," declared, "They part My raiment among them." The same Scripture that said, "His flesh shall not see corruption," and again, "A bone of Him shall not be broken," declared that His vesture should not be rent, but that this strange use of the lot should be made in disposing of it.

But now the question to which I would direct your thought, relates to the agency in the fulfilment of this prophecy. Who were the persons that were instrumental in carrying out to the very letter that singular prediction, which David had been inspired to make a thousand years before Christ's day, when as a type and representative of Christ he said: "They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture"? The Roman soldiers, we say at once; also Pilate, the Roman governor, whose sentence, decreeing the prisoner's execution, implied the disposition to be made of his effects. The soldiers were the actors in the singular scene, and, when we come to think of it, the blind instruments of the Divine will for the doing of that which had been foretold. They were the men who were instrumental also in fulfilling another remarkable prediction occurring in the same psalm. They too pierced His hands and His feet. They were the agents for the fulfilment of those wonderfully distinct and graphic predictions of the Saviour's sufferings and death that had been made by the prophet Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, He was cut off out of the land of the living." It was a part of this office for the unconscious performance of the Divine will that these soldiers dis-

charged, when having nailed the innocent Redeemer to the cross, they parted His raiment, and cast lots.

But there was another instrumentality, and one of a very different kind. Who it was, by whose hands that seamless robe was woven, we cannot say positively; but certain it is, that those hands helped in working out God's plan as truly as did the hands that cast lots for it. The correspondence between David's prophecy a thousand years old, in one of its most remarkable particulars, and this event which fulfilled it was wrought out at the loom which produced this coat without a seam, woven from the top thoughout. But for that agency there would have been no such exact agreement between the prophetic language of this psalm, uttered as the language of the promised Messiah, and the statement of the evangelist, who relates that which happened under his own eyes, as he stood near the cross of Jesus.

But when I call your attention to the fact of this agency, which though not distinctly mentioned by the evangelist, is certainly implied, I may be asked what there is in the fact that gives it any special interest beyond that which belongs to the numberless other instances of an unconscious human agency in the carrying out of God's designs. For all know that the most wonderful changes in human affairs have depended upon the most trifling occurrences, but for which they would not and could not have been; and that the providence of God has been as much concerned in raising up and directing the persons instrumental in bringing about those slight occurrences, as in superintending the grand results that flowed from them. This thought, indeed, would not be unworthy of our consideration in itself; and we might

claim that our text affords a striking illustration of it, and that the fact before us does differ from most other instances of such an agency, in that it relates to an event of such exceptional importance as the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Every circumstance connected with that event has a peculiar interest ; and every person who took part in it, even remotely, shares that interest. But I think we shall see, upon further inquiry, that there are some special reasons for singling out this one among the agents in the fulfilment of the prophecy in question, and that there are some useful lessons to be learned from the reference which our text makes to her work.

For it was a woman's work, this weaving of the seamless coat. Thus much we can safely predicate upon the knowledge that we have of Oriental and Jewish customs in ancient times. Not only from here and there an allusion of Scripture, but also from positive statements, we learn that it usually fell to the lot of the women of a household to supply its members with clothing of their own manufacture. Thus the virtuous woman is described in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs : " She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh fine linen. All her household are clothed with scarlet." This practice was not confined to Bible lands. Many illustrations of it might be gathered from ancient history and ancient literature in general. Alexander the Great, it is said, took pride in showing to his princely visitors the garments which his mother had made him. The Emperor Augustus, who was the contemporary of our Lord in His boyhood, would wear no clothing but such as the members of his own family had woven.

It was a woman's work, undoubtedly, the weaving of the seamless robe described in our text; and it was work done in the home of Jesus, and by the hands of some of His own kinswomen according to the flesh. Reaching this conclusion, we may not have far to go to find, in all probability, the person or the persons by whom that work was wrought. Turning our eyes away from the group of those unconscious agents of God's providence, who are so strongly fulfilling the very letter of the olden prophecy, as they throw the dice upon the seamless coat, casting lots whose it should be—turning away from the unseemly and shocking sight, we see another group of Jesus' friends. These are not the disciples, for they, upon the Saviour's arrest, had all forsaken Him and fled, and none of them save John is mentioned as being present at His crucifixion. But they are the women: Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and Salome, and His own mother, blessed among women. These, it is said by three of the evangelists, stood afar off beholding these things. Several of them were related to the Saviour as of His own kindred. Matthew and Mark add that they were the women who, when He was in Galilee, and while He came from Galilee, ministered unto Him. And John, beyond a question, refers to one of the works of kindness and love which these friends of Christ had wrought for Him, when he alone among the four evangelists mentions the weaving and the fashioning of the garment upon which the soldiers cast lots.

Now we will go no further in our conjectures as to the identity of the person who though not named in the Gospel account was certainly the chief agent in the fulfilment of the extraordinary prophecy to which we have referred; nor endeavor to establish the truth or likeli-

hood of the early tradition that it was Mary, the mother of our Lord, to whose work our text points; a view which, in addition to its antecedent probability, may be said to find support in the fact that the evangelist who thus minutely describes the coat without seam is John, the only disciple who was an eye-witness of this transaction, and the disciple to whom the Saviour committed His mother, and who may naturally be supposed to have obtained from her this information concerning its construction. We think it enough to have shown that this work, so necessary to the fulfilment of prophecy, was the work of a friend of Jesus. Her name will never be known; but this verse, which Inspiration ordered to be written in the Gospel, preserves her work from being forgotten. What she did for Christ, and for Christianity too seems much more worthy to be held in remembrance than what Mary the sister of Lazarus did, when she poured a precious ointment upon Him, anointing, all unconsciously, His body for burial. Yet whilst the one service is mentioned in the Gospel as a perpetual memorial of the disciple who performed it—"Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her"—the other service is mentioned, very conspicuously indeed, and in connection with a most extraordinary and important event in the scene of the crucifixion, but without a hint as to the person who rendered it, save that in its nature it was a woman's work.

Confining our attention to this fact, we may remark that the work which our text describes was one of industry. The weaver stood at the loom, passing the weft back and forth, alternately from left to right, and from right to left, over and under the warp-threads, either

with the shuttle or with the unaided hand. Hour after hour the tedious process was continued; day after day it was resumed, and slowly the material grew under the steady, patient toil. It was an employment fitted to call into requisition qualities of mind that are far from unimportant. The labor which to a restless, ill-regulated spirit would be torture, and that to an ambitious, self-seeking spirit would be humiliation, helped to build up the womanly character in quiet energy and strength of sustained purpose. And it helped to give to the humble life the seemliness and dignity and beauty of an active usefulness. In this busy world nature itself cries shame upon idleness. A Jewish home, such as that of Jesus in Nazareth, was a home of industry. The thoughts, the habits, the conversation of its inmates, were shaped by the wise maxims of those Old Testament Scriptures, which have so much to say about diligence in business, and about the sin and disgrace of an idle and wasteful life. The work which our text mentions was a fruit of this spirit. It was a work of industry. And this should be true, my friends, of every employment which God lays to our hands. The first condition of its acceptableness in His sight, and of its utility in promoting his purposes, is that it be marked by earnest, hearty, persevering effort. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Let it go down on the page of God's book that records your history of every duty done, and especially of every service rendered to the cause of Christ, as it went down on the page of the Gospel concerning this woman's work, that it was done thoroughly.

In the second place, it was a labor of love. If, as we have seen, there is every reason to think that the weaving of the robe without seam was performed in accordance

with the usage of the times and of the country by some near relative of our Lord, we may be very sure that the labor of its construction was a labor of love. What an object of fond affection must the sinless Saviour have been to the members of that household in Nazareth, who had seen Him grow up in innocence and matchless excellence, and in constant favor with God and man! What delight must it have been, even apart from the consideration of His wonderful, divine character, to minister to One so dear to them, who had never pained them by word or deed, in whose lips was ever the law of kindness, and whose every look must have expressed the peace and good-will which He brought down from heaven to men! But there was more than this to draw their hearts to Him. They knew Him to be the Christ. Mary had kept in her heart all the sayings that she had heard concerning her Holy Son: and while we read that His brethren, or kinsmen as some understand it, did not believe on Him, no such statement is made of His sisters, or remoter kinswomen, who are mentioned in the sixth chapter of Mark as continuing to live in Nazareth after the public ministry of our Lord had begun. Whoever of them performed this labor, did it as a labor of love. Those garments which the rough soldiery are dividing among themselves, and especially that robe for which they are casting lots, were made by hands that took delight in ministering to the pure and gracious Redeemer. Some have thought that the statement of our text is an evidence of this loving care. The form and make of the robe were the form and make of the clothing peculiar to the Jewish priesthood; and some have thought it was with reference to the Saviour's claims and character, and to the hopes that were cherished concerning Him by His friends, that this priestly garment

was prepared for Him, though He was not of the tribe of Levi. However this may be, we can well believe that loving and adoring thoughts of Jesus entered into this service that was rendered Him, as the busy hands wove the coat without seam, from the top throughout.

But thirdly, it was a divinely guided work. If this Jewish woman, as she planned it, adjusting the loom to the particular form which she decided to give the garment, had had in her memory or before her eyes the very words of prophecy written in the twenty-second Psalm, she could not have planned more ably, more intelligently, to aid in the fulfilment of the wonderful purpose of God. But while only conscious of love and duty, she was under the guidance of the Wisdom that cannot err. She was working together with Him, whose providence was ordering all events with a view to the completion of that great redemptive scheme for which a Saviour had come into the world. What she was doing would help to identify the Lord Jesus, as the promised Messiah. While she thought herself happy in ministering to His comfort, during His life of benevolence and mercy, as He went about doing good, God was using her to contribute to the convincing testimony concerning His death as a sacrifice for the sins of the world; forcing the very soldiers who nailed Him to the cross to prove Him the promised Saviour by casting lots upon His vesture.

But I have said that there are some lessons to be learned from the passage of Scripture before us; and to these I now ask your attention. One is,

That it depends much upon ourselves, upon what we are, and upon whose servants we are, whether our habits and employments appear to us slight and insignificant

and commonplace, or honorable and important. There are persons who seem incapable of viewing or treating any subject seriously, and who naturally look upon their own lives and actions as of very little consequence to themselves or to others. There are persons in whom the sense of duty and of responsibility seems to be very feeble. Living to please themselves, they cannot be expected to take thought as to the bearing of their conduct upon the happiness of others, or upon its future effects as relating to themselves. There are others who, faithful and conscientious in their work, as work done for a human master, do not look beyond to a Master in heaven. In the shop, in the office, in home employments, they are diligent, steadfast, persevering in the round of duties that are often felt to be pleasureless and unprofitable, and there are those who draw some inspiration for the labors of life from an earthly, human love. The satisfaction, the gladness often of serving and of benefiting others, under the prompting of natural affection, gives interest to the humble occupation, relieves the tedium, turns drudgery into privilege, and confers dignity even upon menial service.

But there is a more excellent way. There is a way in which the whole life may be rescued from insignificance, and raised from the level of the commonplace and the monotonous, and brought into a close relation with things of eternal and transcendent interest. It is by the earnest consecration of this life to the Lord Jesus Christ. Give Him His rightful place as Lord of your affections and your powers. Whatsoever you do, in word or deed, do it heartily as unto Him, and not unto men, and you shall receive not only the reward of the inheritance, a future heavenly reward, but an immediate recompense

in the dignity and beauty and happiness that shall be reflected upon your present life, because it is a life consecrated to Christ.

How do our works appear in the light of the Cross?

It depends greatly upon what we ourselves are, in what light we view any work done for the Saviour. The Roman soldiery treated Christ's vesture, even as they treated His body, with derision and indignity. After Pilate had sentenced Him, they led Him into the common hall, and stripped Him of His raiment, and put on Him a purple robe. And when they had mocked Him at their will, they took the robe off from Him, and put His own raiment on Him, and led Him away to be crucified. And when they had crucified Him, they parted His garments among them, and cast lots for His vesture. These things the soldiers did, and did it in brutal mockery and scorn. In what a different light did these things appear to certain others who beheld them!

The friends of Christ looked on with a mournful, pitying interest. The inspired evangelist recorded it as a wonderful fulfilment of prophecy. The reader of the Gospel is permitted to see in this mention of the seamless robe, a reference to the painstaking, loving labors of some unknown disciple of the Lord. Thus entirely different views can be taken of any work done for Christ. The action may be censured, as the breaking of the box of spikenard, anointing Jesus' feet, was censured, for its wastefulness. It may be condemned, as the similar act on another occasion was condemned, because performed by one who had been a great sinner. It may be the object of ridicule and merriment, as the coat, woven with such care, was made the object of the soldiers' ridicule. How does it become us to regard any deed, any effort,

honestly meant to please and honor Christ? Surely with charity, with kindliness, with consideration, with a disposition to praise and not to depreciate. He is in bad company who makes light of the humblest work, the smallest service, which the Lord Jesus Christ is pleased to accept.

Labors of benevolence, such as properly come within the ordinary sphere of woman's work, have the very clear and express sanction of the Gospel. They are the recognized fruits of the true Christian spirit; and they are valuable demonstrations of the presence and power of that spirit. Early in the history of the Apostolic Church, we find that touching story of the disciple at Joppa, whose life was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did; and we read how it came to pass in those days, that she was sick and died; and how, when Peter came, they led him into the upper chamber where she was laid, and showed him the coats and garments which Dorcas had made while she was with them. It was the spirit of the Gospel that prompted those labors of mercy. Had this disciple been a follower of Jesus, and caught this spirit from the Saviour Himself when He was on earth; or had she breathed it from the Gospel as the apostles preached after the Redeemer's death? We do not know, but it was the same Christlike benevolence in either case. It has been imagined that Dorcas may have heard the Saviour's teachings, and that on some occasion she may at least have

> "Stood on the borders of the crowd,
> Listening as Jesus spoke.
> She saw the garment knit throughout;
> Forgot the words He spake;
> Thought only: Happy hands that wrought
> The honored robe to make.

Her eyes with longing tears grew dim ;
She never could come nigh
To do one service poor for Him,
For whom she glad would die.
Across the crowd, borne on the breeze,
Comes—Inasmuch as ye
Did it unto the least of these,
Ye did it unto me !
Home, home she went, and plied the loom,
And God's dear poor arrayed.
She died—they wept about the room,
And showed the coats she made."

Love to Christ has prompted many such deeds ; and they are none the less pleasing to Him because they are quiet deeds, differing in no noticeable respect from the ordinary routine of domestic toil—humble, obscure, monotonous in the light of the present, save as the thought of Jesus and of His needy ones flits through the mind ; and as " Holiness to the Lord " was written on the high-priest's garments, so the thought, Lord Jesus ! this is for Thee ! is woven into the Christian's work.

Christ puts a special honor upon those who engage in such labors of benevolence for His sake, by classing them with those friends of His who ministered to His own wants in just such ways of kindness when He was on earth. He tells them that in the last great account it will be pronounced the same, to have clothed, and nourished, and cheered a needy follower of His, and to have clothed, and nourished, and cheered Him. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Could there be a truth more beautifully suited to encourage Christian workers in what they do to supply the necessities of Christ's poor, than this assurance from His own lips, that He considers every such deed of mercy as done to

Himself? Should labors like these ever be suffered to languish in a church; should it be found difficult to enlist the activities of disciples of the Saviour in efforts to provide for the necessities of missionary families or of mission children, or to send comforts to the sick in hospitals and tenement-houses, where the promise is to those who, in these and other like ways, seek to do good for Christ's sake, that they shall hear him say, "I was naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came to Me"? Surely not; and yet, my friends, there is another thought which might, it seems to me, have even greater power than this in prompting us to work for Jesus. It is the thought that our work may be of service in proving His Gospel to be true. Must it not have been greater happiness to her who wove the seamless robe, to know that her work would serve in all coming ages to testify for her dear Lord, to show that this was indeed He of whom prophets had spoken, the Son of David, the Saviour of the world—He of whom it had been said, "They shall look upon Him whom they pierced; they shall part His raiment among them, and cast lots for His vesture"—greater happiness to know this than even to know that she had ministered to His wants while He lived as a Man of Sorrows here on earth? Certainly it must have been. And it should be great joy to the Christian now, and it should have great power to prompt him in labors of usefulness, that these labors go to prove the Gospel true. By these shall all men know that we are His disciples. The work we do, in the name and in the spirit of our Master, shall testify for Him, shall prove His doctrine all divine. Unostentatious duties, like those that were done by the Saviour's friends when He was on

earth, simply to contribute to His welfare and to please Him, shall go to make up the evidence of the power of the Gospel over human hearts, and its power to bless the world. They shall constitute one of the grandest arguments in favor of the truth of that Christianity which brings forth such fruits of goodness and benevolence and love.

And the Christian needs this evidence to assure him of the reality of religion in his own heart. It has been said, with great truth, that "there is generally more of true piety exhibited in a faithful observance of the minor duties of religion, than in those that excite the notice and applause of men. Improper motives may prompt to public duties, while those which escape men's eyes, and are intended only for God's observation, are not likely to be practised by one "who has not felt the Saviour's love." Only piety toward God can lead perseveringly and joyfully to the closet, to the house of affliction and poverty, to the search for opportunities to do good. The child is dutiful who obeys a parent's request in little matters, who seeks opportunities to please, and who watches for occasions to show his love. So general obedience may warrant the belief that a man is a Christian; but he furnishes greater evidence of love to God, whose heart overlooks no little thing that may please Him or glorify His name." May it be so, dear brethren, with every one of us who bears that name! And may our subject lead each one here present to ask himself, "Do my works, do my daily employments, does the tenor of my life show that I am living for Christ, living to bless my fellow-men? Will it be said of that chosen occupation, that scheme which chiefly engrosses my thought, 'You did it unto Me'"? Or shall we hear the

King say, when He comes in His glory, of our every pursuit and labor: "You did it not to Me. I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink; I was naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not; My poor needed your help, My servants needed your support, the instrumentalities for the promotion of My kingdom needed your aid, My work needed your personal supervision, but you took no part, no worthy, adequate part, in the enterprise. You lived for self; you lived for the world; you did it not to Me!" God forbid that we should hear the King say this!

IV.

OBEDIENCE TO CHRIST.

John ii. 5.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

Is there more of sunshine, or of shadow in this world of ours? Is there more of gladness, or of trouble in the life we live? These questions would receive different answers from persons differently situated with reference to climate and local surroundings, persons in different circumstances and stations, persons differently constituted in point of natural temperament. Yet no peculiarities either of constitution or of condition should keep us from perceiving and admitting, that in this world and in this life, while there is much of gloom and trouble, there is very much too that is favorable to cheerfulness and serenity. And that is not a competent view of religion, that connects it altogether or even chiefly with our pensive and anxious times. We need religion for every-day use; and many of our days, thanks to the kind ordaining of our Heavenly Father's good providence, are bright days. It was so in that life which was the light of men, the life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It closed in sorrow; and the three years that preceded its close were years pervaded greatly by sorrow; and because this period, the period of His public minis-

try, is all of the Saviour's life on earth about which we have in the Gospel any thing like a detailed account, we think of Him habitually perhaps as a Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief, having little to do with human existence save in its mournful phases and its solemn exigencies; and we do not in imagination bring Christ into our gladness and festivity, our seasons of recreation; we scarcely bring Him into the light of our tranquil, uneventful week-day life, as One of whom it is natural and proper to think in connection with social and domestic pleasures, and ordinary commonplace affairs. But this is surely a mistake; and the impression out of which this mistake arises is certainly not the impression that the Gospels aim to give us concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. It results evidently from a failure to take in the whole view which those Gospels present of His incarnate life. Thirty years went before the period of His public ministry; and though little is said about them by the evangelists, we are not left without hints that enable us to picture to ourselves the tenor of those years. The happiest childhood that ever mortal spent, was that of the sinless One, who grew up as a tender plant in peaceful obscurity in Nazareth in Galilee. It is written, He was subject unto His parents; and again, He waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him; and again, Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. These are bare outlines, it is true, but outlines of infinite beauty and significance. They give us to infer beyond question that during all the time that introduced His brief and solemn mission as man's Redeemer, Christ lived our life, shared its common burdens and its innocent pleasures, and was our example in contentment, in cheerful-

ness, in approachableness, in companionableness, in accommodation to the requirements of His earthly position and surroundings. And this impression is certainly borne out by the representation which the Gospel makes of the Saviour at the begining of His public ministry, when just emerging from that period about which we know so little. The first miracle wrought by Jesus shows Him to us as He was quitting the associations and detaching Himself from the ties of His early life; and so the story of this miracle has an interest which may be likened to that of the moment when the sun is passing out of an eclipse, and, as the faint streak of the crescent orb appears, the astronomer is able to analyze its light as he cannot do when the full splendors of the sun are unveiled. Then we read of the wonderful work which the Saviour wrought in Cana of Galilee: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus, . . . and manifested forth His glory." Let us dwell for a little while upon the facts concerning this miracle as we find them recorded by St. John.

There was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and Jesus and His disciples were among the guests. We do not know precisely where Cana was situated. Two places, not far from Nazareth, are called by this name at the present day, and there are some reasons in favor of the claim of the one place, and some in favor of that of the other, to be regarded as the village mentioned in the Gospel. Both of these places, however, lie in the hilly country only a few miles away to the north or the northeast from our Saviour's early home; and this circumstance of the nearness of the place makes it seem the more probable that the family in which the wedding occurred may have been closely related to that of Jesus—His kinsmen ac-

cording to the flesh. Such relationship would account not only for Christ's presence, but also for that of His mother at the feast. "The mother of Jesus," it is stated, "was there," and not, like Himself, by invitation; but, we may infer, as one at home among her kindred, and exercising a certain oversight in the affairs of the house. During the progress of the simple festivities that followed the marriage, it was found that the supply of wine provided for the entertainment was giving out. Perhaps the unexpected arrival of the friends who came with Jesus—the five disciples whom He had lately called, and who had accompanied Him on His hurried journey from Judæa to Galilee—may explain this failure. Troubled by the discovery, and anxious that no seeming lack of hospitality should disturb the pleasure of the occasion, and expose, perhaps, the poverty of the family, whose means may not have allowed them to provide for more than the number of persons originally invited, the mother of Jesus saith unto Him: "They have no wine." It is manifest that this announcement was made with the hope that He would in some way meet this difficulty, and save her friends and herself from dreaded mortification. Had not Elijah and Elisha each in the days of the old prophets wrought a miracle for the relief of a poor widow, multiplying the small portion of oil that was all that was left in her house? Mary had not forgotten the wonderful things that were said of her Son in His infancy, and the promise of His holy childhood, but had kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. And now that He has reached the age of thirty—the age prescribed by the law for the beginning of a public career in the case of those who waited on the service of the sanctuary; now that He has, after the manner of a public teacher, sur-

rounded Himself with a number of disciples, giving Himself out as a public teacher, may not the time have come when He whom she secretly believes to be the Son of the Highest shall show forth His glory? And may He not do it in this emergency, for the help of these His kindred and early friends, and at her prayer—a mother's prayer?

Jesus saith unto her: "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come."

There was something of rebuke in this answer, yet not so much of it as we are apt to think, for the title given to Mary was not a harsh one, but one perfectly consistent with courtesy and even with tenderness. Very tenderly did Jesus address His mother from the cross, when He said to her, committing her to the care of one of his disciples: "Woman, behold thy son!" And it was in all gentleness that, after His resurrection, He spoke to Mary Magdalene as she stood weeping at the door of the sepulchre: "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" So here there was nothing of harshness in the title or address used. Yet in the words that follow there is something of the tone of reproof. Mary must learn that He who till now has been subject to her authority, as a son in the home, is One over whom henceforth she can exert no such natural influence; that He must pursue His work regardless of all earthly ties, and unmoved by any appeal or dissuasion on the part of those who were His kinsmen according to the flesh; and that the exercise of his wonder-working power will be timed, not by the wishes or convenience of human friends, but by the will alone of His Father in heaven. Some such meaning we must certainly read in the Saviour's answer: "What have I to do with thee?

What is there in common between Me and thee? Mine hour is not yet come."

His mother saith unto the servants: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

There is no trace here of wounded or disappointed feeling. Mary acquiesced at once in the will of Him who till now had been submissive as a son to her will. Her only concern at present is that the plan He has in mind, be it what it may, shall be faithfully and promptly executed. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

The lesson that I find in these words, and that I wish to bring before you, is this: Thorough and unquestioning obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ is claimed of us in our secular and social life, as in our religious and spiritual life.

Thorough and unquestioning obedience was expected as the condition of all blessing in the case of those who sought Christ's help when He was on earth—His help to deliver from sorrow and suffering. Often this obedience was demanded before the help was given. A nobleman of Herod's court came to Jesus beseeching Him that He would accompany him down to his house, where his son lay at the point of death. Jesus saith unto him: "Go thy way; thy son liveth." And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way. "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk," said the Lord to the friendless cripple lying at Bethesda's pool. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked. "Stand forth," was the word to one that had a withered hand; and when the man rose and stood in the midst of the crowded synagogue, "Stretch forth thine hand," said Jesus; and he stretched it forth, and it was restored whole like the other. Again,

there are miracles in which this obedience comes to view in the sequel of the work of healing, though doubtless the Saviour saw the readiness to obey in the heart of the sufferer before He healed him. "Return to thine own house," said He to the demoniac in the country of the Gadarenes: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him. And again, sometimes the miracle was performed in such a way as to call forth into expression this spirit of obedience, and give it exercise, and strengthen it, and illustrate it, as when a centurion sent to Jesus begging that He would come and heal his servant; and then, as the Master drew near, and was now not far from the house, he sent again to countermand, or rather to modify his former request, begging Him not to come, that were too great trouble for Him to take, and too much honor for the petitioner to receive; but "Speak—speak the word only, say in a word—and my servant shall be healed. For I myself know what it is to command and be obeyed. I have under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it;—and Thou! Thou! hast all power—legions of angels hasten, and hosts of devils flee at Thy bidding; and all the forces of disease, and death itself, are subject to Thy wonder-working word. Therefore speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

Now the thorough and unquestioning obedience of which we have the striking examples in these cases, where men came to Christ in their troubles and distresses, is just the obedience that we should seek to

render to Him in our daily lives, and not less in the midst of social and domestic happiness, and in the quiet enjoyment of that elevating and restful communion with nature which it is our privilege to have in this world of wonderful beauty, than in our times of suffering and sorrow, and in our serious and religious hours. Let us endeavor, my brethren, to realize these two things: first, that Christ is actually with us at such times; and secondly, that He is present to command, and to be obeyed. It is very significant that the beginning of our Saviour's miracles should have occurred in a scene of domestic and social rejoicing; and it is very impressive to read, in connection with that scene, this precept of our text, this requirement of a thorough and unquestioning obedience: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Let us seek to have a sense, habitual and deepening, of the nearness of God while we behold His works; and of the nearness of God, in His tender interest and willingness to bless, while we associate with our fellow-creatures, His children, in the intimacies of the home and in the fellowship of friends. It is a great thing to realize the presence of God when we are alone, in secret and absorbed communion with the Father of our spirits; and solitude and seclusion seem necessary in order to certain exercises of devotion:

> "The calm retreat, the silent shade,
> With prayer and praise agree."

But it is important also that we should have a sense of the Divine presence and favor when mingling with our fellow-men, and especially with our fellow disciples, and that our mingling with them should have the effect, not to separate us from Him, but to draw us and them the closer to Him. Now the religion of the Gospel is meant

and fitted to promote this end. It is a social religion. Its holiest ordinance let us remember, was instituted as a social ordinance. Its largest blessings are for those who meet together in the Master's name. Its most heavenly joys are to be tasted in the communion of saints. It teaches us to cherish a lively interest in the good of our fellow-men. It bids us share in the happiness and in the sorrow of others: "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Its divine Founder was not a recluse, an ascetic, indifferent to the loveliness of nature, and shunning the societies of men. John came preaching in the wilderness, and sternly rebuking the follies of his age by a singular departure from its social customs, "neither eating nor drinking" like others and with others; but the Son of Man came eating and drinking, subsisting on ordinary food, associating freely with all classes of people, and finding pleasure and satisfaction in the contemplation of all things beautiful that His Father's hand had made. He noticed the lilies of the field, and the birds of the air. He watched the face of the heavens, and read their portents: the reddening sky that promised fair weather; the cloud rising out of the west betokening rain; and He drew lessons for His followers, and for the multitudes, from the sights that were familiar to Him as to them, in the villages and in the country—the children at their games in the market-place, the men standing there idle waiting to be hired, the women grinding at the mill, the shepherd leading forth his flock to pasture, the sower scattering seeds over the ploughed ground, the laborer loosing his beast from the stall and leading him away to watering, the reapers in the harvest-field, the fishermen drawing their nets to the shore. And one important use that we are to make of this Gospel story, so

rich in details concerning the Saviour's earthly life, is to realize its actuality, and learn to believe and feel that He who thus lived our life is eternally present with us, and unchangeably interested in our human existence.

> "This earth He trod,
> To teach us, He is ever nigh."

To enjoy the beautiful in nature, and to participate in scenes of innocent, social, and domestic pleasure, with this delightful truth in mind, is to make our lives thoroughly and harmoniously religious. In the light of this beginning of miracles, which shows us our Saviour as graciously present and participant in the society of kindred and friends, let us see what is the effect that pure and undefiled religion ought to have upon us at all times. It should influence us to act as if Christ were a constant and supremely welcome Guest in our homes, a constant and welcome Companion in all our ways. We may apply to our seasons of social converse the counsel that a quaint writer gives with reference to all the employments of our daily lives. "Do," says he, "as little children do, who with one hand hold fast by their father, and with the other gather flowers or berries along the hedges; so you, gathering and managing with one hand the things of this world, must with the other always hold fast the hand of your Heavenly Father, turning yourself towards Him from time to time, to see if your actions or occupations be pleasing to Him; but above all things take heed that you never let go His protecting hand, thinking to gather more; for should He forsake you, you will not be able to go a step without falling to the ground."

This then is our first thought. Let it be our endeavor and our prayer that we may be alive to the nearness of

God, in our times of cheerfulness and peace, even as in our troubled and sorrowful times. As word went through the happy company in Cana, "Jesus of Nazareth has come," so, though our eyes be holden, let our faith assure itself, whether among few or among many, in the house or in the fields, The Lord is here. The Son of God, by whom He made the world, is present in the midst of His works, upholding all things by the word of His power. The Son of Man, whose first miracle displays Him a kinsman among kindred, a friend among friends, solicitous for the comfort of a family and the innocent enjoyments of the guests, and who but a little time before He left this earth walked with two of his disciples in social converse, though they knew Him not, is with us now. Oh, let me realize His sanctifying, calming, gladdening, inspiring presence!

> "When round Thy wondrous works below
> My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
> Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
> In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—
> When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
> And all the flowers of life unfold:—
> Let not my heart within me burn,
> Except in all I Thee discern."

And then our second thought is, Christ is present to command, and to be obeyed. We are not more in danger of forgetting or failing to realize His presence, than we are of forgetting our duty always and in every place to do His will. And what we need most in order to apprehend the blessed fact that He is in the midst of us, is to remember the simple rule, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Retirement, meditation, prayer, help us to find nearness to God, and to find happiness and rest in

that nearness; but when we are in company with others, in the circle of friendship, and even amid social festivities, it is possible to live as in His sight, it is possible to rejoice in the Lord, it is possible to have it as of old it was in Cana of Galilee, when "both Jesus was called and His disciples," to the feast. And this let us observe, not as the result of pious musings and mystic imaginings, but as the effect of simple, practical, hearty obedience. We realize Christ's presence in our holiest hours, even at the Lord's Supper, as we endeavor in humble obedience and in the spirit of faith to fulfil one of His commands: "This do, in remembrance of Me." And we shall best be enabled to commune with him in nature, and amid human societies, in hours that shall thus too be made holy, when we study, as seeing Him who is invisible, to please a Master whose authority reaches us and whose blessing attends us everywhere.

Such obedience, I remark, brings us into fellowship with Christ. The apostle Paul desired to know the fellowship of his Master's sufferings; and even so, we may be brought through obedience, in our times of quietness and of gladness, into fellowship with His pure and holy character as it shone forth in scenes of rejoicing. Obedience brings us into conformity with Christ. In all the days of His earthly life that went before His public ministry and His passion, our Lord was obedient. To the very end, He obeyed His Heavenly Father, and found His happiness in that obedience. "I delight to do Thy will, O My God," He cried; "yea, Thy law is within My heart." But up to the moment of the working of this first miracle, He was subject to an earthly parent; and who can doubt that it was His happiness to fulfil this obligation that rested upon Him as the Son of Man? For if it is hu-

man, in the sense that holds true of humanity as it is,—human to desire and to take satisfaction in the exercise of authority, the right to command and exact obedience, it is also human in the best sense, the sense that might hold true of an unfallen humanity, to take satisfaction in thorough and unquestioning obedience—obedience to the supreme and righteous law. Such a feeling has sometimes appeared in men who were far from perfect, yet possessed in some respects an exceptional nobleness of character. It was said of the Duke of Wellington, by one who knew him long and intimately, that "he had more pride in obeying than in commanding; and he never for a moment considered that his great position and elevation above all other subjects released him from the same obligation which the humblest of them acknowledged"—the obligation to fulfil the will of the sovereign and the state. My brethren, it will enhance all other happiness for us, and it will bring us into blessed nearness to our Lord, diligently and attentively to seek, amid the brighter and the gayer, as well as amid the darker and sadder experiences of our lives, "whatsoever He saith unto us, to do it."

To do it—the duty of the hour, the duty of the occasion. To rejoice with them that do rejoice. To promote unselfishly the innocent and healthy happiness of others. To use the good things of this world as not abusing them. To honor God, whose servants we are, by a blameless and a consistent conduct before men. To sweeten and to sanctify earthly bliss by associating it in our own thoughts and, as we may have opportunity, in the thoughts of others with the heavenly bliss. To avoid the sins that may more easily beset us in our times of social converse and relaxation—the sins of levity, ir-

reverence, uncharitableness, immoderate participation in pleasure. Christ at the feast in Cana did much to augment the comfort and enjoyment of His friends, much to prevent the marring of their happiness by a public mortification in the failure of the things provided for the feast to hold out; but He did nothing to promote excess and folly. At His command, and by the exercise of His miraculous power, water was turned into wine, that there should be enough for the guests; but this use of wine, in a country where the population were proverbially temperate, and where other wholesome beverages were unknown, affords no warrant to men in a country like ours, where strong drink is a national curse, where even the moderate use of that which intoxicates only too often makes a brother to offend for whom Christ died—does deadly harm to others whom the example encourages in a habit destructive to the body and the soul —no warrant for the use of strong drink; and certainly constitutes no reason why the Christian should not renounce the indulgence for the sake of avoiding injury to others.

The lesson which Christ's example does teach, and with which His commands do all agree, is that of kindness, helpfulness, tender consideration for even the momentary welfare—how much more for the permanent and eternal welfare—of others. Dear friends, let us lay this lesson to heart; and seeking to have Him always with us, let us strive, whatsoever He saith to us, by His Word and Spirit, to do it. Doing all things in His name. Doing all things to His glory. And so, as much in our times of health and cheerfulness as in our times of pain and grief, we shall be training and preparing for that glorious world and that blessed life, where, with angels

that excel in strength, we shall find our perfect bliss in doing His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word.

But already, dear friends, there is a happiness in this service which does not wait for heaven. Obedience to Christ in our prosperous times secures a blessing that enhances all other good. As in the after-glow of a glorious sunset we have seen the splendor fall upon the mountain slopes and summits, tinging not only the sterile crag, and giving brilliancy to that which was forbidding, but lighting up also the wooded heights and valleys, adding beauty to that which was beautiful before; so shall we find that living in the light of His countenance, whom, having not seen, we love, in whom, though now we see Him not, yet, believing, we rejoice, His favors shall be our chief joy. Oh, yes! Obedience to Christ brings a rich present reward. It has satisfactions that far exceed all natural gladness. As in the miracle before us, there are wondrous transmutations wrought for him who hears the Master's bidding to do it. Ordinary duties give occasion for the display of a willing mind, and an earnest purpose to please and glorify the Lord. The action takes its importance from the motive which inspires it, the thought that runs through it. As in our relations to our fellowmen, a worthy feeling—love, pity, generosity—can make the simplest deed significant of good-will and helpfulness, so, and much more, in our relation to the Lord Jesus Christ. The cup of cold water given in His name to a disciple of His shall not lose its reward.

The opportunity improved to do good to others, to conquer the evil that is in ourselves, to please Him who sees the silent, inward struggle with temper, with selfishness, with discontent, with unbelief, shall meet His ap-

proval, and we shall hear him say: "Ye are my friends," when we do whatsoever He hath said unto us.

How comprehensive and all-sufficient is this religion of the Lord Jesus Christ! The solace of our troubles, it is the glory of our brightest days. Let our love and gratitude go forth afresh to that divine Saviour who has revealed Himself to us as the Partner of our earthly joys, and our support in trial and adversity, our Keeper; who leadeth us by the side of the still waters in green pastures, and who will be with us in the valley of the shadow of death.

Let us hasten, in our gladness and grateful love to Him, whatsoever He saith unto us, to do.

V.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.

Matthew v. 5.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

Meekness has been defined as a temper of mind not easily moved to resentment. It is a quality that comes to view under conditions suited to disturb and irritate, or to depress and mortify the feelings. It is a reasonable and benignant disposition, raising the soul above the brutal impulses of rage and revenge, and producing habitual self-control. It is a quality ennobling to the individual man, and humanizing to mankind at large. Meekness is the very soul of a true civilization. It stands diametrically opposed to those qualities that especially constitute barbarism—the fierce and cruel spirit that breathes hatred, and prompts to deeds of violence and lawlessness—the spirit of arrogant self-assertion and disregard for the interests and the rights of the weak. And while on the one hand it prevents these outbreaks of selfishness in those who have the power to inflict wrong, on the other hand it blesses those who suffer hardship. Meekness supports the soul, and keeps it in poise and self-centred under reproach, under reproof, under constraint, under command, under discipline, under the trial, whatever its character or degree, of a realized inferiority.

It was upon the possessors of this quality that our Lord pronounced His third Beatitude: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." This we may well believe was a statement surprising to some at least of those who first heard it; and we ourselves, who are very familiar with it, and accustomed to accept it as a simple and beautiful saying, have only to consider its meaning somewhat closely to find it a striking and even a startling one. Each one of the Beatitudes, in fact, is a paradox, a seeming contradiction. It is such to our minds; much more must it have been this to the minds of men in the dawn of Christianity. Those eight sayings of Christ with which the Sermon on the Mount begins, are often compared or contrasted with the Ten Commandments. The Beatitudes are blessings pronounced upon the lowly virtues; and they are wafted to us with infinite sweetness and gentleness from the Saviour's lips. How different the sound of these divine sentences, that fell like music on the ears of the disciples, gathered before the Master on the mountain side in Galilee, and that reached the multitudes who pressed around them, eager to share in His gracious teachings; from the sound of those other divine sentences, the Ten Commandments, uttered from Sinai, with such awful impressiveness that the trembling people removed from the base of the mountain and stood afar off! The Beatitudes are blessings, promises, while the Ten Commandments are solemn warnings. The Beatitudes have to do with those whose state of heart and manner of conduct are approved of God—the humble, the penitent, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart; the Ten Commandments have to do with transgression. But in all the Ten Commandments there is not a single paradox. Not one of those prohibi-

tions involves a seeming contradiction. The law forbids sin. For every transgression there is a just recompense of reward—a penalty implied. But in the Beatitudes each blessing is a surprise—a glad surprise to a mind in sympathy with the qualities here commended; but a strange and an incongruous statement to one that is not in sympathy with them.

Thus in declaring the blessedness of the meek, our Lord added: "For they shall inherit the earth." Here, to begin with, there is an incongruity to some minds in the mention of meekness, as a trait of character to be admired and praised. Men do not commonly admire and praise a quality which means uncomplaining submission to injury, freedom from resentment while enduring wrong. So far from being commended, this trait is one that is very commonly held up to contempt. A meek man, in the esteem of the world, is a spiritless, cringing, cowardly creature, the farthest remove from that which is manly and noble. This impression may be accounted for in a twofold way. First, men mistake this virtue for its counterfeit. Meekness is not pusillanimity, meanness. It is the disposition, not of him who lacks the courage to avenge an injury, but of him whom the fear of God moves and the grace of God enables to rule his own heart, repressing the rising impulse of vindictiveness, and giving scope to the better feelings of sorrow, pity, forgiveness. The affectation of this virtue is indeed worthy of all contempt. The endeavor to seem indifferent to slight and injury, that he may ingratiate himself into the favor and confidence of others, is the part of a hypocrite, who richly deserves all the scorn he gains. But there should be no difficulty in distinguishing between this pretense of meekness, assumed for some base

end, as a mask behind which covetousness or ambition or designing wickedness of some other kind hides its hateful features, and the quality of which our Saviour speaks here. True meekness is a self-forgetful virtue. It is a disinterested grace. It bears injustice, not necessarily without resistance, but without the loss of self-possession, and without a storm of violent emotion, whether smouldering in the breast or bursting forth in ungovernable passion. It is in a certain sense a passive virtue, yet endued with a wondrous force to steady and strengthen and pacify the soul, and manifestly entitled by reason of this power to the sincerest respect of mankind.

But a second reason for the disfavor with which men commonly regard this quality, is to be found in the fact that meekness, even though unmistakably genuine and sincere, stands opposed to much that is native to the human heart. We do not incline by nature to submission under trial, and calmness under provocation; and, though we are not incapable of perceiving the excellence of a submissive and forgiving spirit, yet the virtue that differs so greatly from the prevailing sentiment and temper is likely to be an unpopular virtue. We grant the truth of the Wise Man's saying: "Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud"; yet the rewards of humility have less attraction for us than the treasures of pride. We grant that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city"; yet, somehow, the victories we dream of and love to read of are the achievements of the iron will and the unbending purpose. The heroes of our imagination are the men who take cities rather than the men who aim at the conquest of themselves.

And yet, my brethren, men are not slow to perceive the fitness and the beauty of this quality as it reveals itself in certain natures and in certain situations in life. Few parents are so unwise as to command and encourage in their children a self-asserting disposition, quick to rise up against authority, and meet rebuke with retort and defiance. Meekness is deemed becoming in a child. It is deemed becoming in those who do service to others. No fault is more severely condemned in men and women who are engaged in domestic labor, than the sensitiveness that will not brook reproof, the petulance that betrays itself, if not in angry words, in displeased looks and curt and sharp tones, when the will is crossed or the feelings are wounded. Meekness is in place here. The most arrogant and exacting employer will read approvingly the exhortation which the Bible addresses to "servants to be obedient and well-pleasing, not answering again." The subordinate in commercial life, the government employé, the soldier, is expected to have this grace in exercise. If the third Beatitude could be understood as applying exclusively to those whose position is such as to make it for their interest that they should maintain a calm and quiet demeanor while executing the command of others, and even cherish an unruffled and contented spirit beneath this outward appearance, doubtless all would join in saying: "Blessed are the meek. Happy they who can do this! It is a necessity of their condition; and they may well make a virtue of the necessity."

But if it be a mistake to confound meekness with its semblance, the mildness that comes from lack of courage, or the servility that affects mildness in order to reach some selfish end, it is equally a mistake, while distin-

guishing this grace from that counterfeit, and granting its excellence, to regard it as a quality more becoming to some than to others, more necessary in some than in others. We expect meekness in some; we require it in some; in others, its absence appears to us excusable and even natural. Perhaps we fail to realize that we have any need to possess it and to display it ourselves. Let the youth pass, with the flight of years, from a condition of restraint, as one under authority, to a position of manly or womanly independence. Let the apprentice or the clerk, in the changes of fortune, find himself in the place of the employer, the poor man in the position of the rich, and the pressure under which the lowly grace of meekness flourished is removed. And now you look for growths of a different kind at the new altitude. Set free from the obligation to defer to the wishes of another, to serve the interests of another, the emancipated mind has leisure and opportunity to indulge its own fancies and magnify its own consequence. You expect to find it self-conscious and self-important, jealous of its dignity, pre-occupied with its own concerns. You would be surprised to find the modest grace of meekness blooming here, where the surroundings seem so much more favorable to the putting forth of pride and ambition and vain-glory. The place for this lowly flower, you say to yourself, was the valley. The time to seek it was the spring. It does not belong here.

But now it is due simply to the folly and blindness of our human nature that we think thus. Meekness belongs to man, as man. No other frame of mind is consistent with his true condition. Wherever he may find his place —whether on the heights of prosperity, on the level of

the common lot, or in the depths of adversity, it becomes him to be meek. The slight change in his earthly condition by which he is raised from dependence to command, from subordination to authority, does not relieve him from the pressure of any moral obligation. His relations to his fellow-men may differ in certain particulars, but through those relations the same duties run ; and he can no more cease to be meek toward them, than he can cease to be honest and humane and benevolent. His relation to his Maker has not changed an hair's breadth. In a palace as in a hovel, he is equally God's subject, held in almighty hands, powerless to withstand the infinite will. He is as much exposed at the one point as at the other to troubles and sorrows of this uncertain life. What other temper than meekness befits him who, do what he may, must needs accept what is sent upon him, whether it is good or evil, and who, at the time appointed by a decree that none can resist, must exchange his grandeur for the lowliness and obscurity of the grave ?

" O why should the spirit of mortal be proud ? "

There is indeed no earthly condition to which arrogance, vain-glory, is really suited. There is none in which meekness is not alone reasonable and becoming.

Thus the paradox which our text presents at the outset, in declaring the blessedness of the meek, is easily explained. The seeming contradiction disappears, as we consider what meekness is, and what occasion there is for this grace in view of man's true position and the character that befits him. But there is a second paradox in this Beatitude which we may pass on to consider. It is presented in the reason assigned for this mention of the meek as happy : " Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth."

When the multitudes gathered around the Saviour heard Him speak thus, there were two classes of persons known to them as aspiring to inherit the earth. The Romans sought universal dominion. Rome was the mistress of Galilee, as of Judea and all Syria; and far beyond the limits of those provinces, her empire extended to the very limits of the discovered world. The men who represented this vast power to the eyes of the simple Jewish peasantry—the soldiers who garrisoned their large towns, and the tax-gatherers who made their way into their humblest villages—showed by their very look and bearing that they regarded themselves as owners of all things. They trod the soil with the air of conquerors, and pressed their severe exactions as those who would brook no denial. To all appearance, Rome had already reached universal command. A hundred millions of the human race bowed to the will of Tiberius in unquestioning submission. Who but the lordly, indomitable Romans could expect to inherit the earth? But this was also the expectation of another class of men. The Pharisees, the sect among the Jews that professed the most zealous devotion to the faith of Israel, and cherished with the utmost intensity the national hopes, looked forward confidently to a time when the children of Abraham should have dominion over all the tribes of mankind. They waited for the coming of their Messiah, a prince whose throne should be established on the ruins of all other monarchies, and before whose sceptre even the feared and hated Rome would quail and flee. The Pharisee vied with the Roman himself in pride. Swollen with a sense of his superiority to the Gentile idolater, he met the scorn of the conquering race with the scorn of a race destined to final and glorious

supremacy. And if indeed the promise made to the fathers was to be fulfilled, and David's greater Son was to come and set up in Jerusalem a kingdom that should stretch "from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth," who like the Pharisee could be justified, with his superior knowledge of the law and the prophecies, and his prospect of a high standing in the favor of the expected Messiah, in lofty thoughts of himself, and in passionate resentment of the injuries done to his people by the enemies of Israel and of Israel's God?

But the character described by the Saviour in this Beatitude suited the Pharisee as little as it suited the Roman. "Blessed are the meek," said Jesus, "for they shall inherit the earth." The disciples and the multitudes that heard this must have felt a glad surprise. The promise was not altogether new. It recalled familiar sayings in the Psalms, and in the prophecies that were read every Sabbath-day in the Jewish synagogues. Christ's hearers remembered how it was written, in the Psalms, "The Lord lifteth up the meek; He will beautify the meek with salvation. The meek will He guide in judgment; and the meek will He teach His way." Nay, the very promise which the Saviour introduced into this Beatitude was taken from the Thirty-seventh Psalm: "The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." And prophecy had spoken of the meek. It had described the coming Saviour as having special purposes of mercy for them. Isaiah represented Him as saying: "The Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek," and, speaking of the time of His coming, had said: "In that day the meek shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of

Israel." Must it not have been happiness to every lowly heart, to every quiet spirit which, empty of self-esteem, and worldly ambition, and bitter hatred, was ready to take upon it Christ's easy yoke, to hear these words of Jesus; to realize that this was, indeed, He of whom such things had been said; and to learn that in His kingdom there were to be provided blessings so vast for the meek —blessings that were dimly intimated in that marvellous promise which the mind could but imperfectly take in: "They shall inherit the earth"?

There are many precious meanings contained in this promise, and they have been brought forth into the light with growing distinctness and beauty ever since the words were uttered: "The earth is the Lord's," and man can claim it, and hold it in rightful possession, only by inheritance from Him. Those who have God for their Father, and to whom all men are brethren; who are Christlike in spirit; whom His grace has renewed, expelling from their hearts all enmity and indifference toward God, all envy and uncharitableness toward men, bringing them into a state of submission to His will that precludes all complaint of His dealings, all dissatisfaction with His appointments, and breathing into their souls a benevolence toward men, that is proof against the power of unkindness or malignity to weaken or to convert into hatred or revenge, are the children of the Highest, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; and all things are theirs. They are passing through this world on their way to a heavenly kingdom; but the relation in which they stand to the Maker and Governor of this world gives them an interest in it, and should yield to them a delight in it, that only they can share. It is not for want of encouragement in the Bible thus to regard

this earth and the blessings of this life that any Christian fails to make the experience his own which the poet Cowper has described as that of a child of God:

> "He looks abroad into the varied field
> Of nature, and tho' poor perhaps compared
> With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
> Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
> His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
> And the resplendent rivers, his to enjoy
> With a propriety that none can feel,
> But who, with filial confidence inspired,
> Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And, smiling, say: My Father made them all!"

Meekness is a characteristic of one who has been brought into this endearing relation with the Maker of this beautiful world; and it is in the exercise of this grace that he can taste this pure happiness. Let the mind swerve from its loyal submission to that Maker, and admit repining and rebellious thoughts of Him; or let its peace be broken—not by the injustice or the ingratitude of man, but by cherished feelings of resentment and displeasure—and this blessedness will be dispelled. It is a peace that flies from the breast when the gentle spirit of contentment and forgiveness departs. But while the Christian walks humbly with his God and lives in charity with his fellow-man, all things are his, things present and things to come. Revenues of pure enjoyment are flowing in to him from the world around him. He finds rest to his soul in a childlike acquiescence with the will of his Father, and the promise is fulfilled to him, that "the meek shall inherit the earth."

The promise is to the Church in its work of subduing this world to the obedience of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Every inch that has been gained in

seeking to rescue this world from the dominion of sin and ignorance has been gained by patient, self-denying effort put forth in the spirit of that charity that suffereth all things, endureth long and is kind, is not easily provoked. The successful toilers in this work have been the meek. When the self-willed and the vain-glorious affect to despise that lowly grace, which can suffer and keep silent, which can take an affront without retaliation, let them turn and look at the displays of meekness that mankind has witnessed these eighteen hundred years, and is witnessing to-day.

Let them behold its beauty and its power, as it appeared in the Lord Jesus Christ. It was the charm that drew to Him great multitudes who had this preparation to enter His kingdom, that under the teaching of poverty and obscurity and humiliation they had learned something of submission and lowliness and quiet endurance, and who when they heard Him say: "Come unto Me, for I am meek and lowly," felt the force of the argument, and came to Him. But it was the power also that broke down the pride and self-sufficiency of many of the worldly-wise and the self-righteous, who when they saw Him, that "when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered, He threatened not," felt the conquering force of His meekness, and yielded to His subduing love. And the men and the women who have followed in Christ's steps, have proved the efficiency and the excellence of the same blessed principle. The manifest condition of all success in work for Christ among the poor and debased in Christian and in heathen lands, is Meekness. The world has learned to praise the missionary who plunges into the wretchedness of barbarous tribes, and spends his life in efforts to enlighten and save men. But

in recognizing a Livingston or a Pattison as a hero, the world has unconsciously recognized the heroism of meekness. The man who devotes himself to such a career is brought in contact with human weakness and wickedness, with no defence but an inexhaustible patience and a love that will not be repelled. The daily and hourly vexations and disappointments and rebuffs he must encounter could not be borne by a spirit, however strongly curbed and steadily controlled, that had not been tempered by the grace of God to the quality of a Christlike meekness. And going forth in this spirit, the servants of Christ go forward to certain and glorious success. "The meek shall inherit the earth." All efforts to Christianize mankind proceeding on other lines of action have failed and must certainly fail. The sword has won no victories for the faith of the Gospel. Men have been dragooned into a religious profession, but never into a religious persuasion. The "booted missionaries" of Charles the Second in Scotland and of Louis the Fourteenth in France, made martyrs and exiles, but no true converts. But the cause of Christ, advocated with the gentleness of Christ, attested by the self-devotion that His example inspires, shall win the day.

My brethren, let us cultivate this grace of meekness. There was never more need of it than there is at the present day. In an age of such intense activity as this the appeals are constant to self-interest and ambition. The spirit of emulation and rivalry, the greed of gain, the brooding dissatisfaction with things possessed, the craving for material good of every kind, is wide-spread and pervading. Never was it more important, for the Christian's peace and for his usefulness, that he should possess and show forth the meekness that is Christlike.

Let us cultivate it. Let us seek to have a truer conception of the temper of mind that is suitable to our earthly condition and to our eternal prospects. Men are coming to have, in general, truer ideas on this subject. There has been great progress in public opinion throughout the civilized world with reference to the nature of true manliness. The age of the duel has past; the age of warfare is passing. Men are coming to understand the nobleness and the might of gentle methods, the moral grandeur of self-restraint. The Son of Man has been saying, these eighteen hundred years, to humanity: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls." And humanity is learning the lesson. Let us as Christians echo our Master's word, illustrate it, and enforce it. O for more of the meekness of Christ! May the blessedness be ours of a spirit contented and submissive, satisfied with the holy will of the Lord we serve! May the blessedness be ours of a spirit patient, forbearing, forgiving, under whatever trials we may be called by His appointment to endure at the hands of our fellow-men! May the blessedness be ours of realizing from day to day that we are in God's world, under God's care, and therefore safe and at peace, and that we belong to the number of those to whom He has promised an eternal glory, when the "new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness" shall be revealed!

VI.

THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT.

2 Corinthians i. 3.

"The God of all comfort."

This language associates the thought of comfort with the thought of God; and the connection of these two ideas supplies our present theme. True consolation is divine. It is one of those good and perfect gifts that come from the Father of lights. We must look up, to invite and to receive it; and looking up we see Him who bestows it in a character most attractive and endearing, as the "Father of mercies," and in particular, "the God of all comfort."

The subject thus stated may seem to commend itself to a special class among the hearers of the Gospel. There are occasions upon which it is manifestly proper that the preacher of the Gospel should address special classes of hearers, as the young, the aged, the men of business, the unconverted, the active membership of the church. This would be a fitting time in which to speak to the afflicted. Those among us in this church and community who have lately experienced bereavement—how natural that we should speak to them of comfort! How natural that we should point them to the God of all comfort! A ser-

mon addressed to these might be listened to by others with sympathetic interest, with recognition of its appropriateness, yet at the same time under an impression of its exclusive reference to the bereaved. But the application of our subject, dear friends, is not thus limited. That subject claims the attention of every hearer in this congregation. Each one of us needs either to be supported under present trial or prepared for trials that are inevitably in the future; and all, whether actually experiencing affliction or not, need to be acquainted with the provision that exists for the relief of trouble, in order that they may be helpful to others. Indeed, this last consideration is the leading one in the passage of Scripture where our text occurs. St. Paul rejoices in the God of all comfort as comforting him in order that he may be the better qualified to comfort others. It seemed to him worth while to have passed through very much of suffering and mental conflict, that he might know how to tell others, out of his own living experience, of the divine consolation that he had found so full and satisfying; and if there be one here who stands consciously in no personal need of those consolations by reason of any present grief, any remembered grief, yet, I say, it would be worth his while to learn what the Bible proclaims concerning the God of all comfort, that in his privileged exemption from the common lot, in his immunity from trouble, he might be able to feel for others and to speak to them some word as from that God.

But, my brethren, as the case stands, there is no such immunity. In this life of ours, as on this earth of ours, there are perpetual alternations of light and shade. Hemispheres of day are followed by hemispheres of darkness. Some men, indeed, are dwelling this moment

in a world that seems flooded with sunshine. For a few it is high noon. All the surroundings are prosperous and joyous. And the heart is saying to itself: "I shall never be in adversity." But this meridian of prosperity is only a narrow and shifting line from which those who have reached it must hasten toward the setting; and everywhere else, everywhere else, the shadows are advancing or retreating, or darkness covers the land. To forget this, to forget while the little season of brightness lasts that elsewhere there is obscurity, and that even to us also the night cometh, is unreasonable and selfish. Intelligent minds and feeling hearts cannot refuse to know and to remember that in this world trouble abounds. Are you free from it just now? Be glad and thankful, but do not try to banish from your thought either the possibility of trouble to yourself or the actuality of trouble around you. Does this thought disturb your happiness? The kind of happiness which this thought would disturb is one which you have no right to enjoy. It is not for mortals, in a world where sin exists and death reigns, to close their eyes to the fact that humanity stands in need of consolation.

Let me ask you, then, to notice first the claim that is made in our text in behalf of the infinite God, that He is the *only* source of this blessing for His creatures. He is the God of *all* comfort. If there be any truth, any thought or word, that is capable of imparting peace and hope and strength to a troubled human heart, it comes from Him, relates to Him. God has the monopoly of all consolation. It is His prerogative to cheer and bless the children of affliction. He has not given this right to another. He neither sends us elsewhere for comfort, nor suffers us to find elsewhere what we need. The pleasures

of sin cannot meet this want. He who shall try the experiment of seeking relief from sadness and sorrow amid the frivolities or the excesses of a worldly life, will have to say at last: "Miserable comforters are ye all." "The world can never give the bliss for which we sigh." Nature in its gentlest moods, as in its grandest, confesses: "It is not in me." How often has the mourner felt that the beauty, the serenity, the majesty of nature was all out of keeping with his grief! No tender, pitying voice came through its peaceful stillness to quiet the tumult of his soul. Only God can comfort. For only He can exert upon the mind that inward influence that can calm its distress. He alone can furnish the hopes that offset the fears and woes that afflict us. None but God can relieve us of our troubles by removing the occasion for sorrow and apprehension; and only He can so nerve and uplift the soul that it shall be able bear the trouble which He does not see fit to remove, submissively, cheerfully, triumphantly rejoicing in the midst of tribulation, because He is its God. It is folly, madness, for man, who is born to trouble, to say in his prosperity: "I shall never be in adversity." But it is the blessedness of the man who has God, the God of all comfort, for his Friend, that he can say: "Lord, Thou hast known my soul in adversities. In the multitude of my thoughts—my anxious, sorrowful, distressing thoughts—within me, Thy comforts delight my soul. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation."

Does it seem to us that there is something almost arbitrary, on our Maker's part, thus to shut us off from all other sources of comfort, and force us to resort to Him for all true and lasting peace—all consolation? So far

from this, my brethren, it is, rightly viewed, the highest evidence of our Maker's compassion and benevolence, that He thus deals with us. He would have us come to Him in our necessity, because with Him there is infinite fulness to meet our want, and because He is infinitely desirous to bless us. He is "the Father of lights," and He is "the God of all comfort"; and as we are dependent on Him for the light and the breath and the bread of life, and every form of temporal good, so are we dependent on Him for help and relief in the sorrows and perplexities of the soul; and as He would have us look to Him for daily blessings, so He would have us come to Him in trouble for consolation. And our trials are messengers that bring us this invitation from Him. Afflictions have a speech and a language that often make themselves understood where other voices are not heard. They bear witness concerning this God of consolation. They bid us come unto Him when laboring and heavy-laden. The proof that they have this mission, that they carry this invitation, lies in the fact that so often the mission is successful, the invitation is accepted. Men in their trouble do seek the Lord. He is the God of all comfort; and sorrowing hearts are constrained to turn to Him. This is the appointed purpose of Trial, and often we are permitted to see and to rejoice in the accomplishment of the purpose. The worldliness, the skepticism, the utter hostility to religion, that held the mind and heart away from all influences of the Church and the Bible and the ministry, broke down when death entered the home, and when yearning affection could reach out no further, without God's help, than the new-made grave where a cherished form had been laid away. Thank God that so often it has been thus; and that in the results of sancti-

fied affliction we may read in part at least the wisdom and loving-kindness of our Maker in compelling us to come to Him for "all comfort"!

I have asked you to consider the claim that is put forth in our text, in behalf of the infinite God, as the one source of this blessing for His creatures. Let me ask you to consider, in the next place, how this claim is made good; how it is that He who alone possesses the resources of consolation that His creatures need, dispenses, imparts them; what are the grounds of comfort that we have in Him? And first, I remark, this claim is made good by the discovery that God has made of Himself to us, in statements like that of our text. There is ground of comfort for us in the very name by which, here and elsewhere, He calls Himself, as "the God of consolation; God, that comforteth those that are cast down; the Father of mercies." These are synonyms for the great Jehovah, the Maker and Ruler of all, the glorious Sovereign of the universe. Translated into the language that may best reach the heart of the child of sorrow in his need of Divine help, the name of this High and Lofty One is The God of all comfort. This designation at once invests the character of our Maker with a surprising interest for all those who need such a God, and for all who know Him as their God. As there are human names that bring to us immediately the thought of a personal and unquestionable sympathy, so that there is no occasion for introducing them with any qualifying word, or accompanying them with any assurance of kindness and helpfulness; as there are names so hallowed by association with all that is true and noble that the very mention of them awakens confidence and gladness; as there are names that live in the memory as motives to earnest and

hopeful endeavor, so to the child of God, who has made himself familiar, through the study of the Bible, with the character of God, and who has had much habitual communion with God in prayer, so that he has come to think of prayer as the very chiefest source and spring of all consolation for him, God's name is a consolation in itself. It is joy to think that there is such a Being. It is joy to think that we have such a God. It is happiness to know that this Being will never change. Sorrow and loss may befall the Christian; but no such loss and sorrow can ever befall him, as that God should cease to be God—the God of all comfort—to him. What power there is in this thought to cheer and strengthen the believer, we may learn from some of the hymns which we occasionally sing, but always, I doubt not, with the feeling that we fail to realize in its fulness the sentiment which the writer of the hymn puts into it—the great delight that he found in the thought of the infinite and glorious One who condescended to make Himself known to him as his Father and his Friend. So in the hymn of Isaac Watts, beginning:

> "My God, the Spring of all my joys,
> The Life of my delights,
> The Glory of my brightest days,
> And Comfort of my nights."

And so in that hymn of Faber, written a hundred and forty years later, but breathing the self-same spirit:

> "Only to sit and think of God,
> O what a joy it is!
> To think the thought, to breathe the name,
> Earth has no higher bliss."

Would you know what a charm there is in that blessed name, uttered in faith and adoring love, to call forth

fountains of consolation in the midst of the dreariest experiences of human life? Read David's psalms and Paul's epistles. See how every consideration of comfort for the troubled soul centres in God. See how in almost every sentence of psalm and epistle the Divine name comes in, as the one precious, gladdening, sustaining, inspiring thought. And so it shall be with you, Christian, if by converse with Him in prayer, and acquaintance with Him through His word, you shall accustom yourself to this glorious thought. Then the Lord, thy dwelling-place, shall be thy refuge in trouble, the God of all comfort, to thee.

A second comforting consideration is the thought of the Divine sovereignty. It is the thought that He whose very name is a strong consolation for His people, governs and manages with absolute power and wisdom and equity all their concerns. "The Lord reigneth"; and the fact that He reigns, the fact of His providential government, is a consoling truth that will grow in sweetness and in soothing efficacy, the longer we study it. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people," said the Lord to His people by the mouth of the prophet; and the message that should bring joy and gladness to Zion was: "Thy God reigneth!" Infinite righteousness, infinite love, is on the throne; and no interest of His submissive and obedient creature shall suffer in the hands of Him who holds the sceptre. Is it so? May I believe—nay, must I believe—that the very trials that befall me are appointed by the God who made me, and who exercises a loving care over all my life; and that, in sending these, He is the same wise and faithful Ruler, the same compassionate Friend, as in sending joy and prosperity? Surely there is comfort in the thought.

A third ground of comfort is the word of God. One

of the many excellences of the Bible is the great wealth of consolatory truth it is stored with. We might conceive of a Bible without this. There might be a Divine revelation containing little of consolatory truth. There might be prophecy here, and history, and doctrine, and law, with little or nothing of promise, of cheering invitation and gracious assurance. But as God has given this Book to us, it is filled with exceeding great and precious promises. Who ever took it up when troubled, and needing to be comforted, and, searching these pages, failed to find the teachings that were suited to encourage and refresh—failed to

> "Light on some sweet promise there,
> Some sure support against despair"?

These promises are God's everlasting consolations. Accepting this Book as His word, we receive from His own lips the faithful and true sayings that are as balm to the wounded heart. And in the measure of the confidence, the simple trust, with which we so accept the Scriptures, our comfort abounds. In times of sore persecution, and in times of deep poverty, such as God's people have often passed through, it has been because, shut up to this one resource, they have in simplicity and quiet confidence looked and hearkened to these blessed Bible teachings, that they have been so wonderfully supported, and have been enabled to rejoice even in tribulation. And we can see much wisdom and goodness in the manner in which this Divine comfort is ministered to us in the Bible. Not only through those statements and those declarations which we distinguish as promises, but in other forms as well. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime," says the apostle, "were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scrip-

tures, might have hope." Many a believer has taken one and another of the tried and troubled saints whose story is told in the Bible, as examples of suffering affliction. There is comfort in reading how God dealt with them: how He delivered them out of their distresses; yes, and still more, how He sustained them while still in the midst of those distresses. The comfort comes, while as we read how the Lord dealt thus with them, we keep saying to ourselves: "This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death. Our fathers trusted in Him, and were not disappointed. He is *our* refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." There is comfort in tracing the record of the Divine faithfulness in past ages. We see that the Lord has never forsaken the earth, never forgotten His Church. The foundations of truth and righteousness have never been overthrown. Religion has lived through dark and dreary days; the cause of Christ has struggled with hosts of enemies; and it will go on from conquest to conquest until the victory shall be complete. There is comfort in these representations which the Bible makes, of the kingdom of God in this world, changeful as the aspects of its conditions have been. And there is comfort unspeakable in what the Bible says of heaven. Here we have a "strong consolation"—in the hope that reaches into the eternal world, and takes hold of the joys and glories that are at God's right hand. "What is it," we say, as we read in the spirit of faith and expectation, about that life that is soon to begin for the child of God; "what is it to bear the buffetings of earthly misfortune, the losses and privations and bereavements of this present time?"

> "Soon and forever the breaking of day,
> Shall drive all the night-clouds of sorrow away."

The God of all comfort ministers consolation to His troubled children, through the revelations that His precious Word makes to them of heaven. And it has been in looking away from the cares and sorrows of earth to that bright world, whose attractions are displayed to us in the Bible, that His people have renewed their strength, have dismissed their fears, have gathered patience and courage to finish their course.

And in this Bible all truth that is suited to bless the children of trouble and sorrow centres in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Father of Jesus is the God of all comfort. There could be none to deliver us from woe, were there not One who saves from sin. Our chief unhappiness arises from our unholiness. A troubled conscience; a heart consciously unreconciled to God; a mind bereft of clear and intelligent views of spiritual realities—dark with forbodings of evil to come, of death and judgment and a dread eternity,—these are the sources of much of the wretchedness in this world that calls for the interposition of a God who can relieve it. This is what Christ came to relieve. And in bearing our sins, He bore our sorrows. As we look to Him for the forgiveness of sins; as in Him we behold the mercy and loving-kindness of a pardoning God, the burden of our earthly trial grows lighter. Assured of His love, drawn into blessed sympathy and fellowship with him, we grow stronger to endure the griefs and vexations of the present hour. To the troubled conscience, to the heart disturbed by a sense of separation and distance from its Maker, Christ speaks the word of pardon, the word of peace; and when that is done, the sharpness of all possible suffering for the soul is blunted; the sting is removed from every grief. "For when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? Who shall separate us—

what shall separate us from the love of Christ?—tribulation, distress, persecution, want?" O dear friends, our first need, as mourners and sufferers, is to hear that blessed pardoning word from Him who has delivered us from sin; to hear it afresh if we have heard it already; to gain comfort in the precious thought that we are God's children, brought home to Him, and forever dear to Him, never to be forsaken, never to be forgotten by Him. That word Jesus speaks; and it is the matchless word of comfort for aching hearts.

"When Jesus speaks, so sweet the sound,
The harps of heaven are hushed to hear,
And all His words go circling round
From lip to lip, and ear to ear.
But wondering seraph never heard,
In all the mighty years of heaven,
Music so sweet as that dear word,
'Thy many sins are all forgiven.'
Sinners of earth, redeemed by blood,
How leaped your hearts, when first ye knew
The amazing grace, and understood
The gift of pardon was for you?
Adopted now, with spirits awed,
Knowing your privilege unpriced,
Ye claim the fatherhood of God
And blessed brotherhood of Christ."

These consolations which we have in God, in His name, His government, His word, His Son, are ministered to us by His Spirit. That which completes the fitness of the religion of the Gospel as a religion for the troubled and tempted children of men, is the fact that it reveals the Blessed Comforter, who brings these truths to our minds, and enables us to receive them and rest upon them. Of all the offices of friendship, the most privileged, the most sacred and tender, is that of conso-

lation. The Lord Jesus Christ fulfilled this office for His disciples when He was on earth; and when He was about to leave them He promised them "another Comforter, who should abide with them forever, even the Spirit of truth." And it is by God's Spirit that God's comfort is brought home to the hearts of His children. His influence it is that makes the truth of God's being and God's excellence a comforting truth to the Christian. The Spirit of adoption teaches us to cry, "Abba, Father!" He endears to us the name of the glorious God, and enables us to breathe it with loving reverence and holy satisfaction. The thought that God reigns, and that I am safe under the care of omnipotent Love, is a thought which the Holy Spirit imparts to me. He makes this truth a shining reality to me. He brings home to me the teachings of the Bible. God's promises are sealed to me by the Holy Spirit. He enables me to read, as meant for my own encouragement and enlightenment, the record of the dealings of God with His people in former days. He helps me to look believingly and gratefully to Jesus, the sinner's Saviour and the mourner's Friend. To have all comfort in God, who is the God of all comfort, I need but to open my heart to that blessed Spirit whose very name is The Comforter. O that all our hearts may be made accessible to Him—that He may dwell in us henceforth and forever!

VII.

THE MIND OF CHRIST.

1 Corinthians ii. 16.

"But we have the mind of Christ."

There is a meaning that lies on the surface of these words, and that accords with one of our ordinary forms of expression. By the mind we sometimes understand the thoughts, impressions, feelings, or what is in the mind, and thus "the mind of Christ" may mean the thoughts and sentiments, the opinions and the judgments of Christ. These are made known to us in the Scriptures of the New Testament, and we have them as they are revealed there, and as we have learned them and imbibed them from that source. We are accustomed to use language like this when we speak of possessing the views and sharing the counsels of another. A statesman enjoying the confidence of his sovereign, is said to have the mind of the sovereign upon questions of public interest. A student capable of grasping the argument of a profound work may be said to have the mind of its author.

It is much to be able to say this—if this be indeed what the apostle means here to say—as it regards the Christian and his Redeemer. We possess in the written word of God a statement of the thoughts and sentiments,

the purposes and the judgments, of Him whose servants we are, and whose designs we are endeavoring to carry out. His mind, upon all the themes of vital moment that are perpetually coming up for human consideration, is the same to-day as when He taught on earth, or communicated His will from heaven to men inspired to declare it. We have His thoughts here in the Bible; and when, believingly and adoringly, we read the Bible, appropriating its truths, assimilating them by faith, and so making them our own, we have the mind of Christ; we think His thoughts after Him; we are admitted into a wonderful partnership with Him in His wise and gracious counsels. What a privilege is this! What importance, when we look at it in this light, belongs to the study of Scripture, by means of which we can thus come into possession of the ideas of the Divine Teacher, and have our understanding so stored with His words, and so permeated by the spirit of His teachings, that all our beliefs, impressions, purposes shall be shaped and vivified by the truth as it is in Jesus!

But in saying this, we are approaching what, I think, is a deeper meaning of our text, and one that is still more instructive and suggestive. The mind, in man, is the thinking faculty, the soul. And now what, according to the Bible, does the grace of God do for the mind of man, when it becomes the subject of His work of grace? A change is wrought, not indeed in the substance, but in the reigning and determining dispositions of the soul. The purposes, the desires, the volitions, that make up the character, the moral being, are different from what they were before that work of grace began. The Christian, in this sense, is a new man. He has experienced what the Bible calls a "renewing of the

mind." He has acquired "a spiritual mind," or one in sympathy with spiritual things. He has a sober mind, a lowly mind, a willing mind. He is of one mind with his fellow-Christians. This work of renewal, of moral reconstruction, is wrought according to a pattern, and that pattern is the mind of Christ. So far as the Christian responds to the operation of almighty grace upon him, he becomes Christlike in the dispositions of his soul. Not sinless; not free from the liability to mistake and error; yet sustaining, in his sympathies and affections, his ruling desires and aspirations, a positive and an unmistakable resemblance to his Lord. He has gained the faculty, and he is forming the habit, of looking at things as Christ regards them. Life has the same significance to his eyes that it had to the eyes of Christ. The great ends of human existence are in his view just what they were to Christ's view. All moral distinctions are to him what they were to Christ. His estimate of sin and of righteousness is none other than his Saviour's. The claims of duty are to him what they were to Jesus. The whole subject of trial, of sorrow, of suffering, wears to him the aspect that it wore to Christ. His outlook upon the future is Christ's outlook. His impressions of death and eternity correspond with the impressions of these realities that lay in the mind of Christ. In this important sense he may be said to have the mind of Christ. The thinking faculty in the man who has become the subject of God's grace is "renewed, after the image of Him that created him." Distantly, indeed, imperfectly, indeed, yet really, nevertheless, it reflects the lineaments of God's dear Son. It is "the same mind that was in Christ Jesus."

Now, taking this to be the apostle's meaning, we can

well understand with what satisfaction he makes the statement of our text, as a ground for clinging to his convictions of truth and duty, when assailed by the enemies of the Gospel. It had been brought up against him, that he was wanting in scholarship and culture, and in the graces of style and oratory. Among the Greeks, the most polished and the most intellectual people of that age; and in Corinth, the chief city of Greece at that day, as the home of philosophy, and eloquence, and art, St. Paul was charged by some who had nominally embraced the Gospel, with narrowness of thought and rudeness of speech. They compared him unfavorably with certain other teachers, as Apollos, for example, who had the advantage, as they deemed it, of a training in the logic and rhetoric of the heathen schools. St. Paul made no show of learning. He laid no claim to practical eloquence. He disregarded the established methods of reasoning. His preaching, consequently, was to the learned and the cultivated among the heathen, "foolishness," without attraction to their taste, without recommendation to their reason. These charges were made in order to weaken the apostle's authority as a religious teacher. Because he did not resort to the "wisdom of this world" to embellish and enforce his preaching; because he did not deck it with flowers of rhetoric and gems of classic learning; because he did not interweave it with the doctrines which human reason, unaided by any Divine revelation, had sought out, and which human reason delighted to pursue and to contemplate, Paul's enemies argued that he was undeserving of the confidence and obedience of the Corinthian Church. The apostle in replying to these accusations, does not attempt to claim credit for the endowments in which he

was said to be lacking—scholarship, or eloquence, or eminent reasoning powers. He grants all that has been said on this score by those who denied his apostleship. He was no philosopher, no orator, no rhetorician. He calls on the Corinthians themselves to bear evidence that he had made no pretension of this kind while with them. "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, proclaiming unto you the mystery of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power." He had never affected to be what some denounced him for failing to be. He was no philosopher, no orator, no rhetorician. But he was a witness. At this point, and with this claim, Paul turns upon his accusers. If he had not proved himself versed in human learning, he had proclaimed divine and everlasting truths, such as human wisdom could not attain. If he had not dealt in arguments and speculations such as the wise of this world were pleased to use, his preaching had been accompanied by the influences of the Holy Spirit of God, working conviction of saving truth in hearts that admitted those influences. "Howbeit," he adds, "we speak wisdom among them that are perfect." Christianity is the true wisdom. Its truths are glorious and precious truths. They are the highest and the all-important truths. And such they are recognized to be by those whose minds have been savingly enlightened to believe them, renewed and purified to embrace them. Without this enlightenment and renewal, it is impossible to know and prize these truths as they deserve

to be known and prized. For "the natural man"—the unrenewed man, be he ever so intelligent and cultivated—"receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." But let that mind be cleared of the corruptions that defile it, the prejudices that distort it, the ignorance upon moral and eternal themes that darkens it; let it be brought into sympathy and likeness with the mind of the sinless and holy Son of God, and it will have no difficulty in admitting these truths; they will come to it with self-evidencing power. And so, declares the apostle, so it is with us, who have been taught by the Spirit, and led to accept Christ as our Redeemer and our Example. "We have the mind of Christ." The truths of the Gospel are to us what they are to Him. They affect us as they affected Him. If they were realities for Him, they are the self-same realities for us. The light cast upon them in the Bible, was the white light of a Divine revelation, and that light has shined into our hearts. "We have the mind of Christ." We are of His way of thinking. We are in constant, living sympathy with Him. Sin is to us what it was and is to Him. Holiness is to us what it was and is to Him. Life, and death, and eternity, duty and destiny, happiness and sorrow, have to us the significance they had to Him when on earth, and have to Him now in heaven. The moral principles that make up the fibre of our moral being, are identical with those that were proper to the human soul of the Lord Jesus. We bear His moral image. He is our Wisdom. Our highest knowledge is to know Him.

Now, to those who share in the experience of the apostle Paul, and who may adopt his language on this subject, it cannot appear strange that he should easily let go

every other claim and cheerfully consent to be characterized and treated by the Corinthians, and by the whole world beside, as having no standing whatever in the esteem of mankind on the score of learning, or eloquence, or literary skill. What if he could have boasted to these objectors of possessing the intellect of a Socrates, a Plato, or an Aristotle, when he could say, in common with all those of like precious faith with him: "We have the mind of Christ." For notice that Paul does not stop here, as he does in another epistle, where he is arguing with Jewish teachers, to dispute the assertions of these Corinthian opposers, and to show that on the score of intellectual qualifications—as there on the score of Pharisaic orthodoxy—he might have somewhat to answer his accusers. He does not stop, as when writing to the Philippians, to say: "Though I might also have confidence in the flesh. If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more." And yet one might think that this would be the very place for a defence of his character as a competent teacher of the Gentiles, similar to that vindication of his character as a Hebrew of the Hebrews, which we read in the third chapter of the epistle to the Philippians. What! Paul inferior to the sophists and rhetoricians of Corinth, in vigor of thought, in strength of reasoning, in masterly use of language! How absurd the charge! But he does not stop to answer it. What cared he about the place that might be given him or denied him among the thinkers and the writers of mankind when he could say of himself, and of his fellow-believer: "We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God? Which things also

we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth. For we have the mind of Christ."

Many a man of towering intellect has felt the same satisfaction that Paul felt in view of this fact. To know Christ, and be known of Him ; to have caught His spirit ; to have come into living sympathy with Him ; to see God and Duty and Immortality as Christ sees them and has revealed them ; this for the wisest as for the simplest understanding, is matter of supreme rejoicing. Gifts of genius and stores of learning sink out of sight when compared with this attainment, as the inequalities of a hilly region flatten out when viewed from a mountain peak. And the wonderful truth implied in our text, is that this privilege is for every disciple of Jesus. To be a Christian is to "have the mind of Christ." It is to receive the impress of his moral character. It is to have perceptions of truth, convictions of duty, motives of action, hopes and joys and consolations that are Christlike.

To one who is not a Christian, such a result, if attainable, if conceivable, must certainly appear most desirable. For all men now agree in their estimate of the character of the Lord Jesus Christ. Scarcely an infidel of note can be named who has not left on record his tribute to the matchless beauty of that character ; while among those who profess to believe in the divine origin of Christianity, there is no shadow of difference on the subject. A remarkable testimony to this fact has been given recently. In the Congress of Churches at Hartford—a meeting of leading men representing most of the religious bodies in our land—the closing and crowning discussion related to the divinely-human character of Christ, Son of God and Son of man ; and here all voices blended,

all hearts bowed, in adoring praise of Him who is the hope and the glory of humanity. Now the religion of the Gospel has for its avowed aim to reproduce the character of Christ in man's moral nature. Not only does it hold up the pattern of His beautiful perfection to be admired and imitated by men, but it makes known that Holy Spirit who is the power of God to renew the human heart in the image of Christ; who grafts into the human heart the life, the holiness, the benevolence of the Saviour. This is the errand of Christianity; this is the business of the Church; this is the use of the Christian ministry, of preaching, of the sacraments, of prayer, of Bible-reading; this is the work of missions, home and foreign: it is to build up human character upon the model of the character of Jesus Christ; and this, Christians believe, is what the forces of Divine truth and grace are concurring with these instrumentalities in accomplishing—renewing sinful and ignorant souls in the likeness of Jesus the Lord; breathing into human hearts His purity, His gentleness, His love of the truth, His faith in the things unseen, His hatred of sin, His delight in holiness, His boundless benevolence, His spirit of self-sacrifice. Surely, to one who is not a Christian, such a result must seem most desirable.

But, my friends, we see from our subject that a Christian must necessarily be Christlike. A moral resemblance to the holy Saviour, is what religion aims to produce in the heart, and if it fails to accomplish this, it fails entirely. Our text implies this; and elsewhere the statement is made in the strongest terms. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ,"—His Spirit, dwelling in us, and forming in us His character, His temper, His disposition,—"he is none of His." To bear the Saviour's name

without bearing His image, means nothing—worse than nothing,—for it means a lie. Have we "the mind of Christ,"—His holy, benevolent, earnest, believing mind —His meek and lowly, compassionate mind—His submissive, obedient mind? It is the surest test of the reality of religion in our hearts. It is the severest test: but reason and the Bible agree in declaring that it is none too severe. Nothing less than a similarity of moral character to Him who has come to "redeem us from all iniquity and purify us unto Himself," would correspond with the obvious purpose of Christ in coming to seek and to save sinners. For, according to the Gospel, character is the one essential thing. Without holiness, no man shall see God. Only the pure in heart are blessed. In Jesus Christ, rites and ceremonies, names and professions, avail nothing, "but faith which worketh by love." Character is every thing, says the Bible: and reason echoes the declaration. Every system, every method, that fails to form character upon a noble plan, breaks down completely. All education, all civilization, all religion, that does not accomplish a moral renovation in man, proves itself insufficient. The Gospel aims to transform my heart and life, by bringing me to know Christ as my Saviour, by placing before me Christ as my Example; by creating within me, through those omnipotent energies which it alone reveals, Christ as my Life, Christ in me, "the hope of glory." Now, as the result of the demonstration of this work, is there any thing in me of perceptible, recognizable resemblance to the character of God's dear Son? It is a solemn, a searching, an urgent, an all-important question.

In the second place, we may see from our subject that the Christian should study to be Christlike. This is the

first lesson to which the Master calls one whom He would have to be His disciple: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart"; and it is the lesson of the Christian life all through. You may feel that you are lamentably wanting in positive and extensive resemblance to your Saviour. So often, and at so many points, you fail to exhibit and to exercise the mind of Christ. Especially, it may be, you are conscious of this failure as it respects the lowlier virtues of which He has given you the example. It is with reference to these very virtues that the Word of God says to you, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." But in a mind so jealous of its own glory as yours, so anxious to compass its own ends, so impatient under rebuke, so quick to take offence, so easily puffed up by praise, what trace is there of the Pattern, in which humility was not less conspicuous than holiness, and gentleness, patience, pity, forgiveness, were blended with a majesty of a perfect wisdom and a matchless intelligence? Alas, you feel it, while still you venture to hope that Christ is enthroned in your affections, that you have believed and do believe on Him as your Redeemer, and do desire to be like Him. Then, study to be like Him. This is the work to which God invites you: and it is a work in which, earnestly pursuing it, you shall find success. Train yourself in Christlikeness. There is a sense in which this is to be done *consciously*, and another sense in which it may be done *unconsciously*. Fix your mind intelligently and resolutely upon your

high and glorious Example. Say to yourself, Christ was pure. Like Him, I will trample under foot the lusts of the flesh and the corruptions of the world. Say to yourself, Christ was meek and lowly in heart, I will school my feelings and desires to a lowliness like His. Say to yourself Christ was benevolent, I will give myself to works of usefulness after His example. Say to yourself, Christ pleased not Himself and therefore I will strive against my native selfishness.

So, too, the Christian may be *unconsciously* coming to have more and more fully the mind of Christ. As he cultivates an interest in the truths of the Bible, in the progress of God's kingdom, in the exercises of personal piety, he shall enter into closer and closer sympathy with Jesus; his views and feelings shall approximate increasingly his Master's; and though perhaps his thoughts will be more occupied with the humiliating fact that so much remains in him that is unlike Christ, than with the joyful truth that the likeness is advancing, there will be in his character the evidence of a growing conformity and coincidence with the mind of Christ; and it may be that when least he expects it, the message will fall upon his ear, bidding him come up higher, for the work of grace is done, and the disciple shall be taken home to be with his Lord. O Christian, make it your aim to be Christlike.

And then, finally, make this your glory. To have the mind of Christ is to know more, upon the highest and most vital themes of human thought, than even the ripe wisdom of our nineteenth century can pretend to know. Paul, in the presence of the learning and culture of his age, cried: "Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" "The wisdom

of this world!" It could tell him little of the infinite God; little of his relations to God as His creature; nothing of the way for a sinner to be saved; nothing of an immortality beyond the grave. It could do little for him, to help him in the path of self-improvement; nothing to renew his heart, and restore in him the lost image of his Creator. It could give him no hope of everlasting life. And so, in the presence of the scholarship and the intellectual culture of his own age, Paul gloried in the cross of Jesus Christ; gloried in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; gloried in the assurance that Christians have the mind of Christ. And we, my brethren, if our trust is in the same living Son of God, may glory not less than he did, in the unchangeable truths which He has spoken to our souls. In the clearest light of this age of scientific inquiry and discovery, we have no more reason than Paul had in his day, to shrink from avowing, that our views of life, and death, and eternity are Christ's views; that we are learners at His feet; that our noblest ambition is to reproduce His character in our hearts and lives. Nay, rather, in a day when that matchless character more than ever before looms up to the admiration of mankind, and humanity, more clearly than ever before, recognizes in Him, whom the Jews and Greeks of Paul's day despised and derided, the incomparable beauty of a spotless excellence, let us glory in having Christ for our Pattern; Christ for the Life of our souls. And let us remember that the best service we can render to that divine Master, who is even now drawing all men to Himself, as the centre of all human interest, is so to believe on His name, to breathe in His spirit, to copy His example, that we shall testify not only to His human excellence, but also to His divine power to renew and save all those who put their trust in Him.

VIII.

JERUSALEM REMEMBERED.

Jeremiah li. 50.

"Let Jerusalem come into your mind."

These words were spoken to the Jews when captives in Babylon. They were far from their native country. The period of their captivity was to be very long. Seventy years must be accomplished before the promise of God should be fulfilled to His people: "I will turn away your captivity, and I will gather you from all the nations, and from all the places whither I have driven you, saith the Lord; and I will bring you again into the place whence I caused you to be carried away captive." But the land of their fathers must not be forgotten. The prophet, foretelling to the Jews their reverses, their defeat and conquest by the king of Babylon, and their long banishment from home bids them, notwithstanding, "Remember the Lord afar off, and let Jerusalem come into your mind."

We shall apply these words to Heaven. "Jerusalem which is above," says the apostle Paul, "is the mother of us all." "I saw," says the apostle John, "the holy city, new Jerusalem." Heaven is the city of God. Heaven is the country of the Christian. Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. Our conversa-

tion, our citizenship, is in Heaven. Much of what the Bible says about the country and city that were so sacred and dear to God's ancient people, the Jews, is recorded there for our good, as applicable to Heaven, the inheritance of God's children now, their real and everlasting abode, the place where soon they are to be gathered from all the places where now they are spending the years of their exile and their homeward pilgrimage. Giving this application—certainly a legitimate one—to the words, how well may we heed them, and obey them, as a command to us, "Let Jerusalem come into your mind."

First, as a thought welcomed. Constituted as we are, it can scarcely be otherwise than that our minds much of the time should be largely occupied about present concerns. Diligence in business requires this. Fidelity to duty requires it. We can do nothing well without giving full attention to what we do. The Saviour has bidden us take no thought, indulge in no over-anxious and tormenting fears for the morrow; but He does not by this teach us to perform the labors of our calling listlessly, mechanically, with our thoughts on something else than the occupations before us. True, it is a fault with many that they devote too much of their time to what are called secular pursuits. Business toils and cares crowd into a space altogether too narrow the season that should be reserved for rest, for mental culture, for home enjoyments, and especially for secret prayer and public worship. Less of hurry, less of intense and protracted exertion, less of wearing solicitude about earthly interests, there ought indeed to be: and more of moderation in the pursuit of gain, more of contentment with such things as men have. And still, while shunning excessive

devotion to the things of time, men must bend their full energies to their work. The precept of the Bible applies to the labors of the daily calling, to the duties of the shop, the office, the farm, the school-room, as well as to those that are distinguished as sacred or religious: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Bible saints are our examples for industry, for painstaking, conscientious, persevering effort in week-day avocations, no less than for earnestness in holy things. If Paul the tent-maker labored with his own hands, as again and again he tells us that he did, working night and day, not only to support himself, but also ministering to the wants of his companions in the Gospel service, surely he gave all diligence to his work. And surely, of the years that Paul's Lord and Master spent at the carpenter's trade, we need not be told that they were years of industry; that whatsoever He did, He did it heartily, as to His Father in Heaven.

Now, under this necessity of toil and care about the things of time, let Jerusalem—let Heaven, the better country, the rest that remaineth for the people of God—come into your mind as a thought welcomed; a thought breaking the train of earthly thought, forcing or rather enticing the soul away from earthly solicitudes: a blessed interruption to the schemes that occupy the brain, and the anxieties that burthen the heart. Let it come, as the thought of home comes, to visit and refresh the soul of one who is a stranger in a strange land, or of one who, but a little way from his loved abode, is at his work-day task until the evening hour. Let it be so with you, that like a gleam of Heaven's own glory, the thought of Heaven shall shine into your mind, casting upon the humblest and dullest of your earthly pre-occupations a cheerful

light, and enabling you to pursue your present duty more bravely, more hopefully.

Secondly, as a thought cherished. The Jews, when carried away in captivity to Babylon, were commanded to make the best of their condition, and instead of sinking into despair and apathy, to engage in manful efforts to bear up under their heavy lot. We are apt to picture them always as they are represented in the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Psalm: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion: we hanged our harps upon the willows." Doubtless, they had many such moments of dejection and sorrow; but their captivity was to be spent in a very different way from this. Thus saith the Lord: "Build ye houses, and dwell in them; and plant gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it; for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace." Now, in the midst of these employments, the thought of Jerusalem was to be welcomed; and in order to be welcomed, it was to be cherished. How dear to those captive exiles must the hours of the Sabbath have been, when, if permitted by their heathen masters, they could give up the whole sacred time to duties that carried them in recollection and in desire to Zion, the city of their holy solemnities; or when, even in the midst of compelled labors, they could dwell in imagination and in prayerful longings upon the themes they loved! How sweet to them must have been the moments which they could daily snatch from toil, and spend in reading or in calling to mind the Law—the little which they possessed, comparatively, of the Bible, yet so unspeakably precious to them, as the Word of their King and God, as the stat-

utes and the ordinances of their native land! Many believe that the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm was written during the Babylonish captivity, and that it expresses the affection, strengthened by the very trials of exile and slavery, which the Jews entertained for God's holy Word while far from Jerusalem. But whether written then or earlier, the sentiments of that psalm were in their hearts. And as they sang of the excellence of the Bible, they thought of Jerusalem. They cherished the remembrance of the worship, the fellowships, the holy joys they had once shared in the city of their God.

My brethren, we have the means of keeping in mind the thought of Heaven: and it is for our happiness and our growth in grace that we make good use of them. Let Jerusalem, the home above, come into your minds, and be held there in loving contemplation, on this blessed day of the Sabbath. It is a day given us expressly to foreshadow the rest that remaineth for the people of God. And all the influences of the Sabbath are influences fitted to train our thoughts and affections upward to that world on high. Properly to observe the Sabbath, is to be preparing for Heaven. If, like John, we are in the Spirit on the Lord's day, we shall be like him, in sympathy with the things above—with the glorious objects and the holy beings in the heavenly world; and we shall be getting ready, not for the privilege of seeing these things as he did when in the isle called Patmos, in a vision, but to go and dwell in the midst of them, and possess the reality of all that glory and gladness forevermore. Can we afford to lose any part of the blessing that is provided for us in the Sabbath? Do we not need to cherish its hallowing and peace-giving influences, to the utmost? There are some who seem to think it enough to spend the hour

or the hour and a half occupied by the morning services of the Lord's day, in the house of God. Is this wise, brethren? Are you sorely beset and burthened by the affairs of daily life through the week; and do you not all the more require to have your souls brought in contact with God's truth, through that ministration of His word which He has appointed, that they may be refreshed and stimulated and quickened by prayer and praise and the preaching of the Gospel? For my own part, there is no portion of the Lord's day that seems to me so redolent of Heaven, as the hour toward the setting of the sun, when we meet once more in these courts of the sanctuary; once more to think and hear of sacred things, and to look out from the closing services of the day's worship, into the coming and closing hours of life's toilsome day; and to lift up the prayer that its departing ray may—

> "Be calm as this impressive hour,
> And lead to endless day."

Let the thought of Heaven and heavenly things be cherished. Not only welcomed, as it shall intrude upon the mind, even in the multitude of the thoughts within us that relate to earthly interests, but cherished, entertained, during the sacred hours that may be wholly taken from the world and given to holy things.

Thirdly, as a restraining thought. The Jews, during their captivity, lived in a land far more wealthy than their own; amidst a population that vastly outnumbered that of Judea, and whose great city Babylon surpassed all other cities in magnificence and power. In that country they enjoyed a considerable measure of outward prosperity. Though captives, they were not held as slaves, but rather, it would seem, as colonists. Opportunities of

growing rich and of rising to positions of influence and distinction were theirs. Not only could they, as we have seen, build houses and plant gardens and live in ease and comfort, though exiles in a heathen land, but some of them—like Daniel, and at a latter day Ezra, Mordecai, and Nehemiah—became eminent as statesmen, admitted to the confidence of kings and princes. Such prosperity must have had its dangers. What was there to prevent these Jews from becoming entirely assimilated to the heathen; from losing their national character, and settling down into a permanent, contented state of subjection to the laws and customs of Babylon? But the word of the Lord came to them, saying: "Ye that have escaped the sword . . . . remember the Lord afar off, and let Jerusalem come into your mind." "Ever count yourselves as strangers and sojourners in that foreign land. Be ready at the appointed time to leave all that you have there, and come away. Remember your God, and let Jerusalem come into your mind." It was a restraining thought. Why should they bestow excessive and absorbing care upon interests from which in a little while they shall be called to detach themselves? Why should they greatly grieve if things should not go so well with them as with some of their brethren; if, unlike Daniel and his three companions at court, they should lead obscure and unadventurous lives, meeting with little success in worldly fortunes, and experiencing many rebuffs and defeats? Soon they will all be on their way home; home to the city they love; no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God. So the Christian. The thought of his heavenly home, his better country, should be with him as a restraining thought. It is a thought of great

power to check him in the feverish pursuit of worldly good; to hold him back from scenes and courses of action that are out of keeping with his hopes and prospects as a citizen of Heaven; to call him away from the perilous entanglements of a life of pleasure. Let a man try to keep fresh in his mind every day, by means of prayer and Bible truth, and sober reflection, thoughts like these: "I am a member of God's family and kingdom; my citizenship is in Heaven; what I value most awaits me there; I am living, not endlessly to enjoy these earthly blessings, but in preparation for my removal to yonder holy and happy place; my name is written among its inhabitants; I must walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called; to-morrow I may be summoned to join the company of those who walk with Christ in white"; and he will be safe. We read of Daniel that in the house where he dwelt in Babylon he had a room whose windows looked out toward Jerusalem, where three times a day he kneeled and prayed. A Christian may be lifted up into a position surrounded with great dangers to the soul; where many before him have been spoiled by flattery, ambition and, pride. But if accustomed day by day to turn his thoughts heavenward, and engage in communion with the things unseen, he will be preserved steadfast in his faith and hope.

Again, as a comforting thought, Jerusalem came into the mind of the exiled Hebrew with sadness, because the city lay desolate; but yet with comfort, for the promise of the Lord was sure, that her walls should be built again. And when the seventy years of their captivity should be ended, the people would return; the former glories of Zion should be renewed; and there generations yet unborn should meet for joyful worship. Nothing of sadness

can mingle now with the believer's thoughts of his eternal home. He is looking for a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. There is nothing but comfort—unspeakable comfort—in his imaginings, faint and defective as they must needs be, of the heavenly rest, of the holiness, the peace, the communion, the glorious activity of Heaven. The trouble is, brethren, that we so little seek to avail ourselves of this blessed source of consolation. We do not let it in, as a vast flood of light, upon the soul. It is too much with us in respect to the spiritual as in respect to the visible heavens. How little do we enjoy the beauty that God has spread over our dwellings, over city and country, in the skies above! How seldom do men look up and see and delight in those glories of the firmament that so fitly represent, in their purity and splendor and measureless depth, the world unseen! Oh, if the child of God would live here in more habitual contemplation of his eternal home, how constant and how full would be his peace! Let us remember how the Saviour has presented this thought to us as the chief element of consolation for His people: "Fear not, little flock: it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And again: "Let not your heart be troubled; in my Father's house are many mansions." O brethren, that in every hour of care and of sorrow we might think of that heavenly home, its purity, its rest, its joy! Are we grieving under earthly losses? What a glorious compensation for them is at hand, in the meetings never more to part, in the holy and happy societies of the redeemed; best of all, in going to be with Christ! During the long captivity of the Jews in Babylon, most of those who had come out from the Holy Land must have died; and at length but few could have been remaining who

had ever seen Jerusalem, and to whom the thought was a personal and definite recollection. To the rest it was an object of faith and not of sight. They believed in that city which they had never seen. They loved it, though they had never looked even on its ruins, much less on its former glories. Brethren, it is the same, and yet how different with us! Our Christian friends who have left us have gone to be with Christ. Instead of carrying away with them all the evidence that we possessed regarding that Jerusalem which they loved, they have gone to dwell there, to inhabit that blessed place, and to make it more real to us, and more truly ours. The number of our friends that have seen the holy city, instead of becoming less and less, is growing more and more. With many of us it is fast coming to be true that we have more in Heaven than on earth of those endeared to us by strong and sacred ties of affection. There is comfort for the Christian in the thought. Let Jerusalem come into your mind as a home which Christ is preparing for you by enriching it with the presence of many who will be there to greet you ; a home where Jesus Himself awaits your coming : and where seeing Him and so many loved ones who are already with Him, you will instantly feel at home.

But again, we need this thought just as much as a quickening, inspiring one, to urge us on in duty ; to stimulate us to active effort. Men labor very willingly for a few years, with the expectation of securing a competency for themselves and their families, and then leaving off their arduous toil, to enjoy ease and rest. But perhaps the best work a man can do is done when a man is actuated by some high and noble purpose to accomplish a great mission of usefulness to his fellow-men, and at the

same time is placed by the kindness of others in a position to pursue that work without any necessity to make provision for future days. A benefactor has said to him, Dismiss every anxiety about the future; I will see to it that you and your children shall not come to want. Give yourself wholly to your work. Fulfil the lofty mission to which you feel yourself called, without a fretting care as to the days to come—the time when your strength shall fail, and your few resources shall be exhausted. Brethren, he who sets out to live for the glory of God has a promise more precious than this. He is made sure of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. How it may be with him during the last years of life—the years of feebleness and dependence, he may not certainly know; he can trust God for that. But he does know that for the endless ages of eternity He has secured to him a glorious home, revenues of inexhaustible happiness, associations most congenial and blessed, employments unspeakably delightful and exalting. Let this come into his mind, to quicken him in his service for Jesus now. O believer, you are lifted up by God's promise into a privilege of perfect freedom from all uneasiness with reference to the long ages of eternity! "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life." God has said it. Cherish this thought while you work for Jesus. Do not begrudge the labors you can perform or the sacrifices you can make for His cause. Do not ask release from them that you may take your ease in this life, and spare yourself further fatigues and self-denials because you have done something for the Master heretofore. Rejoice to think that you have Heaven for the place and eternity for the season of your rest from all that is wearisome in

the labors of earth. Let the thought quicken you to diligence. Let it spur you on to more earnest effort. Your rest is not here. But your opportunity for serving Christ and blessing men is here.

Once more—as a solemnizing thought. Let Jerusalem come into your mind, to influence you in your estimate of every thing that surrounds you now; to affect your judgment, and your decisions as to all present interests and relations. With Zion in his memory and in his heart, how would the captive Israelite look on all the pomp and glory of that kingdom where he was spending the years of his exile? How would he watch the passage of those years? Time, to him, was the measuring out of the season of his sojourn there, till the expected end and the journey home. Business, the building of houses, and planting of gardens, and management of property, was but the temporary occupation that was to fill up those years of waiting, until the real and all-important occupations of a settled life should begin, in that country that was very far off, yet ever remembered and longed for. The pleasures of sin, the rewards of wickedness, the things that would tempt the exile to deny his God and renounce his country,—in view of all these, the captive could say: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." We need this thought, to make us sober amid the frivolities, and calm amid the agitations of a life on earth. We need it, to moderate our desires for earthly good, and to bring us into growing sympathy with the great realities of the world to which we are hastening. This is no feeling of dread, no feeling of gloom; but it is a serious impression of the importance of the life to come; of its surpassing importance as com-

pared with this life; and of the need of preparation to enter upon it.

Let me then in closing urge you who have the hope of Heaven in your hearts, to make more of the thought of Heaven. O let it in daily, as an enlightening and cheering ray from that world of light. Use the means unsparingly to cultivate this blessed impression. Prize the hourly and daily opportunities that are yours, to deepen this thought in the soul. Prize the Sabbath; the services of the Church; the preaching of the Gospel; the sacraments, that are fitted to bring it to mind. Store the memory with sacred Scripture and sacred song, so full of the thought of Heaven. Profit by seasons of affliction and times of religious interest, when Heaven seems very near to the soul. And live a life in tune with this thought; in keeping with this blessed hope.

And if any one here is a stranger to this hope, and unfamiliar with this thought of Jerusalem, the home above, purchased by Jesus for all that will believe on Him and be saved, let me beseech him to admit it. Admit into your heart, dear hearer, the Holy Spirit of God, who will bring to you this blessed hope, this glad and elevating thought. You need, just as much as the Christian needs, all that it can do for you. You need to welcome and to cherish the thought of a heavenly home as a restraining, comforting, inspiring, sobering thought. You have often, doubtless, felt what the poet expresses: the conviction that it is not wise to live so much as you do, in view of the things of time alone.

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
> Little we see in nature that is ours:
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

> This sea, that bares her bosom to the moon,
> The winds, that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
> For this, for every thing, we are out of tune :
> It moves us not."

And oh, how much more out of sympathy with the things of the unseen world ; how little affected by them, and how unprepared for them ! And, nevertheless, you are hastening to meet them. The thought of them might be to you now a precious support ; might be to you in the hour of death a sure and steadfast hope. Oh, let this thought come into your mind ! Accept Jesus for your Saviour. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and this day salvation shall come to you.

IX.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

Joshua xi. 23.

"So Joshua took the whole land, according to all that the Lord said unto Moses."

Joshua xiii. 1.

"And the Lord said unto him, There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

[This was Dr. Baird's last Lord's Day morning discourse, preached at Rye, January 30, 1887.]

Both of these statements occur in the account of the conquest of Canaan. That conquest was now, in a certain sense, complete. The territory on either side of the river Jordan, assigned to the Israelites for their inheritance, had been wrested from the hands of the heathen who occupied it. On the east side of the river, the work was achieved by Moses shortly before his death. The kings of Heshbon and Bashan were defeated, and the region afterwards given to the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and a part of the tribe of Manasseh, was taken previous to the passing of the people over Jordan. On the west side, the work was accomplished later under Joshua. The strong cities of Jericho and Ai were captured, and the inhabitants of Gibeon, another important town, sub-

mitted of their own accord to the invaders. Two battles, each of them decisive in its way, followed up these successes. In the battle of Beth-horon, the kings of Southern Palestine were defeated; and the victory gained on that occasion secured to the Israelites one half of the country promised them. In the battle of Merom, far up in the northern extremity of the land, the remaining forces of the Canaanite nations were met and vanquished, so that now the whole district, as described before and to Moses, in the words of God recorded in the thirty-fourth chapter of Numbers—the land bounded on the north by the mountains of Lebanon, on the west by the great sea, on the south by the land of Edom, and on the east by the territory already in the possession of the tribes that had settled on the other side of the Jordan—was subject to the conquering race. "So Joshua took the whole land, according to all that the Lord said unto Moses."

It is in close connection with these words, which form the first part of our text, that we find the other statement which we have coupled with it. The two passages are separated, it is true, by an entire chapter; but you will notice that the intervening chapter consists of a recapitulation of the victories gained by the children of Israel in the course of the conquest of Canaan. Having ended the list, the sacred historian resumes the thread of his account in the first verse of the thirteenth chapter: "Now Joshua was old, and stricken in years; and the Lord said unto him, Thou art old and stricken in years, and there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." Thus we have, side by side as it were, two very different, if not contrary declarations: the one, affirming the completeness of the conquest; the other, representing it as

very far from complete. The promise made to Moses, that the people of God should acquire the whole land of which He had spoken to their fathers, was at length fulfilled; yet there were portions of that land, their title to which was contested, and over which their power did not extend. "So Joshua took the whole land, according to all that the Lord said unto Moses. And the Lord said unto him, There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

An easy mode of reconciling these two statements may perhaps occur to the Bible reader. Though the Israelites were now masters of Palestine, they had hardly begun to occupy this new domain. The situation in this respect resembled that of the early settlers of our own country. The land was theirs; yet for generations the tenure by which they held it was scarcely more than nominal. A continent awaited the advance of the superior race, before whom the savage tenants of the wilderness receded; but the sparse population made slow progress in the work of subduing and replenishing the earth: and at the end of two centuries after the landing of the pilgrims, it might be said of the country which they had obtained for an inheritance, There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed—that is, to be taken up. So with Palestine in the days of Joshua. The country was still unoccupied and unimproved. The task of dividing it among the tribes of Israel, and defining the limits of each inheritance, had not even been begun. In fact, this was the duty that Joshua was now called to undertake without delay, inasmuch as he was far advanced in years, and might die without accomplishing the difficult and delicate work of distributing the land among the tribes. And we find that the rest of this book is devoted chiefly to an

account of this distribution, each tribe obtaining by lot a portion of the land, corresponding in situation and character with the predictions of the patriarch Jacob and of their leader Moses.

But we have only to read on a little further in this thirteenth chapter of Joshua, and we shall see that the text refers, not to the fact that the territory taken from the conquered nations of Canaan was still unoccupied by the Israelites, but to the fact that there were considerable portions of the land that were still held by heathen as yet unconquered. "This is the land that yet remaineth," the account proceeds, "all the borders of the Philistines, and all Geshuri, from Sihor, which is before Egypt, even unto the borders of Ekron; from the south, all the land of the Canaanites, and Mearah that is beside the Sidonians, unto Aphek, to the borders of the Amorites." Along the sea-coast, the cities of Philistia, in the southwest; and the cities of Phœnicia, in the northwest; had not submitted to the armies of Israel. The mountain fastness of Jebus, or Jerusalem, in the very heart of the country, was untaken. Farther to the north, certain towns that lay within the territory that was to be assigned to Manasseh, held out against the Israelites; and in the extreme north, the little principality of Geshur, within the borders of the same tribe, resisted the invader. It was with reference to such places as these, comprehended in the country which God had promised to give His people, but still unconquered, that the statement was made: "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." In one sense, the possession was complete; Palestine, as a whole, was now the inheritance of God's people. Israel had undisputed sway. Not an arm was lifted against the people of God. In all that region

there was none to molest them or make them afraid. The combined forces that once ruled it, and that met the Israelites with fierce resolution when they entered it, had been thoroughly broken and dissipated; and there was no fear that they would ever gather for another onset. The land in its length and breadth was theirs. Yet here and there, upon closer examination, there might be found an exception to this general statement. Shut up in his fenced city, or intrenched amid the rocks of some wilderness retreat, a heathen chieftain maintained an obscure and sullen independence. "The Canaanite was still in the land." To their present mortification, and to their future inconvenience and loss, the people of God must realize that there remained very much land to be possessed.

Let us see now, my friends, what bearing the twofold statement of our text may be said to have upon the Christian life. For the Bible clearly warrants us in searching the history of God's ancient people, the Jews, to find illustrations of duty under the Gospel. "All these things," we are told, "happened unto them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come"; for us, that is, who live under another and a closing dispensation. And I think we can readily perceive the applicability of the statement before us to the Christian life, in at least three respects. First, in the Difficulty presented; secondly, in the Explanation of that difficulty; and, thirdly, in the Duty to be inferred.

The Difficulty presented in the statement concerning Canaan, that Joshua took the whole land, as God had said he should do, and that notwithstanding there remained from the first very much land to be possessed,

has its counterpart, surely, in this fact concerning the Christian life, that the Christian has become, in body, soul, and spirit, the property of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that nevertheless so much needs to be done in order to bring him entirely under the dominion of his Saviour. Here are two propositions, neither one of which will be questioned for a moment. As to the former, it is written out in clear characters on the pages of the Gospel, and in characters equally clear on the tablets of the renewed heart. Christians are the property of Christ. He gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus," said the angel of the annunciation, "for He shall save His people from their sins." Joshua was a type of Christ, in name, and office, and work; and as Joshua led the people into the land of promise, and conquered their enemies before them, and secured to them the whole land for their possession, so Jesus, the second Joshua, leads His people towards the heavenly Canaan—nay, brings them even now into a present state of salvation, delivers them from their spiritual foes, and transforms their entire existence from one of bondage to sin into one of blessed freedom and safety, and of peace with God. So the Bible represents it. "Ye were the servants of sin, but being made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." Christians are the property of Christ. "Ye are bought with a price." Your body and your spirit are His. You have been redeemed by Him; and to love Him, obey Him, please and glorify Him, in all your thoughts and actions, is your reasonable service. So the Bible declares; and to these Bible sayings the soul that has found its Saviour returns a glad assent. It acknowledges, freely acknowledges the obligation. Every truly converted man has done this.

The invariable language of religious feeling, when love to Christ and faith in Christ have sprung up in the soul, has been the language of self-surrender, of self-consecration. Utterances like those that we often repeat in favorite hymns of devotion, breathe in prayer from the lips of one who has learned the sweet lesson of trust in a Saviour crucified for him :

> " Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
> Purchased and saved by blood divine ! "
>
> " Jesus did it all !
> All to Him I owe."
>
> " Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'T is all that I can do ! "

And yet, my brethren, what astounding contradictions does the Christian life often present to these strong and surely sincere professions ! How shall we explain it to ourselves, not to speak of others, that at so many points this nature of ours, this existence of ours, that we have heartily consecrated to Christ, is seen to be so little under the controlling and sanctifying power of Christ ? What a humiliating surprise to discover, in some experience that gives opportunity for latent qualities to display themselves, in some moment when an unexpected light flashes upon the character, that here, selfishness still holds its own ; that there, covetousness lurks ; and there, worldliness continues undestroyed ! What does it mean, when one who proclaims, " All to Christ I owe," satisfies conscience by casting the merest pittance into the Lord's treasury ; when one who trusts that he is " purchased and saved by blood divine," shows, through daily infirmities of temper, that the grace of God has not yet developed

in him a Christlike patience and gentleness; or one, who thankfully recalls the time when he made "a full surrender" of "every power and thought" to his Redeemer, cannot be persuaded to speak a word for the Master, or to engage in any of the various works of usefulness that need his help? Here, certainly, is a difficulty presented not unlike that which we observe in the history of the conquest of Canaan.

The Explanation of the difficulty will be found, in both cases, in the neglect of means and opportunities. Had the Israelites followed up the enterprise before them with the vigor that they displayed in its earlier stages, they would have swept every trace of heathenism and every show of opposition from the land. The cities of the Philistines would have fallen before them as Jericho and Ai fell; and the idolatrous Phœnicians would not have remained, to be as thorns in their sides, and to ensnare them into the worship of false gods. The whole land was theirs, to be possessed. They had the promise of divine help and blessing, but that promise was conditioned on their faithfulness and obedience to the Lord. So the Christian must work out his own salvation, while looking to God for grace to will and to do of His good pleasure, and relying upon God to crown his efforts with success. He has the great encouragement, that in his whole being and nature he is a redeemed man. Body, soul, and spirit, he belongs to Christ. The sins that remain in his heart have no right there. They are aliens and usurpers. The entire domain of his affections and capacities has been claimed for the empire of holiness; and by every motive of duty and self-interest, by every consideration of propriety and of justice, he is bound to slay those sins. He has had grand opportunities for gaining the victory

over them. The forces of the Holy Spirit of God have ever been available in the contest. He had but to call in their aid, and these divine auxiliaries were ready to strengthen and rescue him. And each victory won would have led to new successes. The Christian, grappling with his native selfishness, when first in the strength of grace he began to fight against indwelling sin, would in time have become the large-hearted promoter of God's kingdom, finding his delight in doing good, and through the discipline of self-denial and self-consecration, perceptibly growing in likeness to his Lord and Master. The Christian, manfully striving to overcome his native indolence, doing with his might, from the onset of his career, what his hand found to do, in his Redeemer's service, would have come to be an honored instrument for the Master's use; and those voices of timidity and sloth—love of ease and fear of man—that once pleaded with him so loudly, and that would have pleaded with him so effectually had he listened to them, to hold him back from ways of usefulness, would have died away. The Christian, deciding early that, whatever others might do, he would yield at no point to the encroachments of worldliness, and pursuing a course in keeping with that resolution and in keeping with his profession as a disciple of the Saviour, would have come in time to be a power in the community, stemming in some degree the current that is sweeping the young toward an entire conformity with the views and practices of a pleasure-loving age; and, at all events, delivering his own soul from the fearful responsibility of encouraging those tendencies toward the pursuit of godless enjoyments and displays, against which the Bible sounds its warning, and over which every loyal follower of Christ

must mourn in secret. Oh, the neglected opportunities that the Christian life presents, to possess every faculty, to bring every power and thought into captivity to Jesus! How well they explain the fact that in this being, over which Christ has asserted His right to rule, and where, indeed, He has been freely chosen and openly proclaimed as King and Leader, so much still remains that stands opposed to Him; that does Him no honor; that cannot claim His approval; that needs to be conquered and made subject to His will!

Notice then, thirdly, the Duty to be learned. Looking back over our Christian course; surveying, each for himself, the record of his experience as a disciple of the Saviour, are we led to conclude, There remains yet very much to be accomplished in me, by God's grace, that I may answer to His plan; that I may be, consciously and manifestly, in every faculty and feeling and in every time and place, what I profess to be—Christ's servant and subject, Christ's faithful witness and trusted friend? Then let us consider how the fact thus ascertained should affect us. Surely it should produce dissatisfaction with ourselves. The first thing necessary in order to any real progress is that we should become alive to the truth that we are not what we ought to be, and should strive to be. "Brethren, cried the apostle Paul, I count not myself to have apprehended—to have gained what I am striving after,—but I press toward the mark." Many a professed follower of Christ is too well satisfied with himself to press toward the mark. He needs, first of all, to have this self-satisfaction broken up, and to be made to see that there are attainments in knowledge and piety and happiness that invite him forward, and that put to shame his present low attainments. Doubtless it was

no pleasing and gratifying announcement to the Israelites, that after all their marches and counter-marches, their skirmishes and hard-fought battles, there remained yet very much land to be possessed. True, they must have known it; but perhaps they were so well contented with their general success, that they thought it of little consequence. What matter, if here and there the Canaanite dwelt in the land; if the Philistines held the narrow plain along the sea-coast of Judea; and if in the north here and there a heathen town stood out against the forces of Israel? The country, as a whole, was theirs, and these enemies could at most offer but a passive resistance to their arms; and in all probability they would give them little trouble. But read the thirteenth chapter of Joshua and the first chapter of Judges, and you will see that these towns and regions that as yet withstood the Israelites made up in the aggregate a considerable exception to the general conquest and occupation. And then read on, through Judges and the books of Samuel and the Kings, and you will see what formidable adversaries those despised Philistines came to be in after times; and how in the north, the Phœnician cities which the Israelites failed to destroy became the sources of the greatest peril and evil to them; as from Tyre and Sidon the contaminations of idolatry flowed down upon the people, and their hearts were drawn away from the living and true God. The truth announced to Joshua by the Lord was one calculated to produce self-dissatisfaction in His mind and in the minds of the people; and so, my friends, if God by His Spirit would make known to us our deficiencies as Christians, we should be greatly humbled. Let us pray that He would do it. For without such a feeling there will be no following effort. There

will be no progress to mark this year and make it a year of achievements and victories.

Ask yourself then, dear hearer, in good faith and in good earnest, how it is with you. Have you talents over which the Lord Jesus Christ exerts no commanding power? Are there interests and occupations of your daily life, into which the thought of duty, of responsibility to Him, seldom enters? In the secret chambers of the soul, in your musings and imaginings, the plans you form, the hopes and desires you cherish, is the grace of God present, to make those thoughts pure, those purposes right in His sight, those hopes and desires worthy of one who is living chiefly with reference to a life to come? We have need to ask ourselves these questions. There are multitudes of professing Christians whose answer to them, if honest, would be a confession that very much in their hearts and lives remains to be possessed by the spirit of true religion. There are many who, in the ordering of their business, in the management of their property, in the disposal of their time, in the choice of friends and associations, act as though these interests were outlying regions, entirely separate from the province of religion; interests in regard to which it is not to be expected that they will make them the subjects of prayer, that they will seek God's guidance, that they will seek to be influenced by high Christian motives. Many professed followers of the Saviour seem contented to carry with them through life a nature but partially controlled by religious principles. Faults that were conspicuous before conversion, are scarcely less conspicuous when years have passed by. "The Canaanite is in the land," and no serious effort is made to dislodge him. Infirmities of temper remain unsubdued. The sharp tongue still works mischief. The

proud spirit still asserts itself. Selfishness is still on the look-out for an advantage. Vanity still practises little and belittling arts. In one way or another, the incompleteness of the work of sanctification in the heart and the life is betrayed, and there seems to be no strong desire to have it otherwise. No sound of trumpet or clash of arms proclaims that the presence of the enemy is recognized and dreaded, and that the soul with high resolve is engaged in an uncompromising war against sin. The Christian is at truce with his foes.

Dear brethren, in this consideration is there not enough to humble us, if indeed this statement holds true in any measure of our own experience? Christ claims my whole life and being, as His blood-bought possession. And yet —after years, it may be, of professed allegiance and obedience on my part to Him—there remaineth very much of this domain to be possessed. There are portions of it in which He is practically disowned. There are aspects of it that show little of His presence and His image. Much, much still remains to be done in me, for me, and by me, before I can know the full blessedness of a thorough consecration to Christ.

But there is another duty to be learned in the light of the subject before us. From self-dissatisfaction, in view of our spiritual deficiencies, we should pass rapidly on to determination, strong and hopeful determination, to perform the unfinished work. Here, indeed, the analogy of our text fails us, so far at least as Joshua himself was concerned. As to the people, this declaration that the conquest of Canaan was not yet entirely accomplished, was suited to rouse them to effort, as well as to humiliate and bring them to repentance. But not so for Joshua. To him, the message was a dissuasive one, bidding him to

make haste, in view of his age and infirmities, not to conquer the land that yet remained to be possessed, but to apportion it among the tribes, upon the presumption that they, after he should have ceased from his labors, would complete the work. But as it applies to us, my friends, the message means action, earnest and prompt action. It bids us up and be doing. Redeem the time. Attempt at once this long-neglected duty. Looking for help to Him who has promised that He will perfect that which concerneth you, hasten to do your part in this great undertaking of self-conquest and of self-consecration. And this call, dear friends, comes with a personal force to every one of us. O let us believe it! The old are not debarred or excused from obeying it. If it be true in their case that, while much remains to be done, little time is left in which to do the work, it is also true that the best use to which they can put the remnant of their days is in the effort to promote that work. But to the young, this teaching of God's Word is addressed with a special force. Would that they might heed it! Would that some one at least of you, my young hearers, might lay it to heart, and determine this day, by God's help, that you will strive in earnest to make the career before you one of growth for the soul. Survey the duty, and begin at once to perform it. See how, in the direction of Bible study, there remains for you very much to accomplish. Open this sacred Book, and look through its contents.

"'T is a broad land of wealth unknown."

How little of it you have yet explored! How slight and superficial your acquaintance with its teachings! Determine that, seeking the Holy Spirit's light and guidance, you will hereafter devote time and attention, as you have

never done before, to the reading and study of this Book of books. Again, in the direction of self-conquest and self-culture, how much remains to be done! O begin to-day the work of watchfulness and prayer, the hand-to-hand fight with the evil within and the evil without, the work of denying and withstanding the promptings of a sinful heart! Again, in the cultivation of your Saviour's friendship, in the enjoyment of happy communion and fellowship with God, how much remains to be sought and attained! Christian, resolve to-day that the companionship you will seek and prize above all other, shall be that of Jesus, your Lord.

X.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

Proverbs xxii. 19.

"That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee."

[Preached at Rye, Sunday, December 26, 1886.]

King Solomon, accounted the wisest of mankind, here tells us very briefly what is the lesson that he aims to teach. A public speaker will sometimes announce at the beginning of his discourse the impression that he desires to make. So the inspired author of this book of Proverbs does here. Biblical scholars call our attention to the fact that the seventeenth verse of this chapter marks a separate division of the book of Proverbs, a section which extends to the end of the twenty-fourth chapter. It is entitled: "The Words of the Wise"; and our text is a statement of the general purpose of this particular part of Solomon's teachings. Addressing his hearer—whether a real or an imaginary person—as an Eastern sage was accustomed to address his pupil, or as a parent might address his son, he bids him give the most fixed attention to what he is about to say. "Bow down thine ear and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto my knowledge. For it is a pleasant thing if thou wilt

keep them within thee; they shall withal be fitted in thy lips. That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee."

The book of Proverbs is an exceedingly practical book. It does not deal in doctrines so much as in duties. It is a book meant especially for the moulding and guidance of the young; and its short, pithy sentences are admirably fitted to be understood by the young, laid up in their memories, and reduced to practice in their lives. But even a book so practical cannot separate conduct from belief. So in Proverbs, as everywhere else in the Bible, we find faith as well as works recommended and enforced. What man is to believe, as well as what man is to do, must be taught; and taught over and over, in varied and striking ways. And thus even here in the midst of the most matter-of-fact instruction, and at the beginning of a new series of rules and regulations that bear on the conduct—relating to justice between man and man; diligence in business; the control of the appetite; the training of children; the choice of friendships; good governments; neighborly offices; industry and thrift—we have the great doctrine presented that shines out in the Old Testament and the New; the doctrine which Abraham lived and David sang and Isaiah illuminated; the doctrine that faith in God is the condition of all good to His creatures; that without faith it is impossible to please Him; that a mortal's trust in his Maker is the essence of true religion. The wisest man that ever lived has nothing better than this to say to you and to me: "That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee."

Now I wish, in connection with this language, to lead you to think how God in all His dealings with us His

creatures is pressing upon us the fact of our need to have an intelligent and a well-established trust in Him. And in order that this thought may make upon us the impression which it is designed to make, let us notice the two singularly emphatic expressions that are used in our text for this very purpose. The one relates to the time, the occasion, the opportunity for the teaching of this truth, the other, to the person addressed. The time, this day: "I have made known to thee this day." The person to whom the teaching is addressed: "To thee, even to thee." Bible time is "Now." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." The present is all that we can call our own; the past has fled forever, the future we have no assurance of. "To-day," God says to us in the Bible, "To-day, if ye will hear My voice, harden not your hearts." The day, the hour, the minute, when a man is made aware that God waits to bless him, is the golden opportunity for him to seek and obtain the blessing. I might have taken this verse from Proverbs for my text on any Sabbath of the fifty-one that have been counted out to us this year, and it would have been a word in season, unquestionably appropriate to the day on which it would have been spoken; and if heard with an attentive mind and a willing heart, it might have led some hearer to determine to put his trust in the Lord; and the happy resolution might have been made by some one who had never made it before.

> "Then will I say, My God! Thy power
> Shall be my fortress and my tower;
> I, who am formed of feeble dust,
> Make Thine almighty arm my trust."

But while every Sabbath and every day of every year of our lives is a time of opportunity for the soul, surely

the last Sabbath of the year stands out to our view as a very special occasion. O that I could make known to you this day, dear hearers, how blessed it would be to have you trust in the Lord! I pray you to take in this thought: "If there is any real and pressing importance in the subject that is being urged upon my consideration, it becomes me to consider it seriously, NOW. For certainly, in the fading light of this last Sabbath of the year, the claims of religion do assert themselves with an unmistakable force, and demand my immediate, my undivided attention."

The special interest that belongs to this particular Sabbath, lies partly in the fact that it is a time for review. Naturally, and of their own accord, our minds run back over the record of the closing year. We remember the way by which we have been led, and we remember especially the rough places and the strange and sudden turns of the way; the changes, the losses, the sicknesses, the seasons of affliction passed through. If we are God's children, and have been living in the enjoyment of our privileges as God's children, we recall these experiences with thankfulness in view of His faithfulness to us in our times of need. When trouble came upon us God did not forsake. Our necessity was His opportunity. Anxiety drove us to Him, and our burden of care was laid down at His feet. Sorrow sent us to our place of refuge, and well was it for us that we had the Lord for our refuge. "The hiding-places of men," one has said, "are discovered by affliction. Our refuges are like the nests of birds; in summer they are hidden among the green leaves, but in winter they are seen among the naked branches. Ungodly men being afraid of God, and feeling that they are at enmity with Him, go anywhere else for solace in afflic-

tion. Some turn to worldly business, and buy and sell with redoubled activity; some count up the idols that remain, and plan new enterprises; some go into light company, read light books, or flutter through the dance of light amusements; some have been known to plunge into drunkenness. Troubles drive each one to his refuge; each has his little retreat, his shrine and his idol, which he seeks at such times. And the child of God has his refuge, and goes into it. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

But has it been altogether thus with you? The year has been checkered with trials, if not with great and sore troubles. Have you always found it easy and blessed to take refuge in God? Perhaps you did not, in every one of these experiences, realize that the lesson to you was a lesson of trust in Him; an invitation to come and find peace and strength in communion with Him, and childlike submission to His will. Perhaps you were not living near enough to God to find it easy to take shelter in His presence, and know the blessedness of an humble, peaceful dependence on His faithfulness. But surely, as you look back upon the record of these past months, you can see that God's dealings with you have been suited to teach you this lesson of trust. How often has it proved true that he has been better to you than your fears! How many anxious thoughts you would have been spared if you had simply and quietly confided in His loving care! How often has He seemed to say to you, as the cloud of apprehended evil has rolled away: "O thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt?" How easy it is to see now that you might have taken your trials differently; and that if you had done so it would have been

far better for you. It is not only the immediate relief that you have missed, relief from the distress and anguish of great afflictions, or only from the heaviness and sadness of the ordinary troubles of life; but it is the happy effect of a discipline that was meant to bring you nearer to God; meant to strengthen you in all goodness, to make you patient, and brave, and wise for having better learned how to trust Him in the dark and in the storm. Surely, as you recall the past, with thankfulness for all that you have felt of the safety and satisfaction in relying upon the Lord, in taking refuge in His unfailing love, with penitent regret that you have been so unfaithful and unbelieving, you should take to your heart the teaching of experience, the teaching of Providence that finds expression in the language of our text: "That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known unto thee this day, even to thee."

But this day has a special interest, in view of the fact that it is a time for anticipation. The mind looks forward as a new year approaches. It is not more natural for us to look back, than to send an inquiring and an anxious look toward the things to come. Hope, uncertainty, fear, all prompt us to do this. Experience itself urges us to forecast the unknown future. It reminds us of dangers past, and bids us argue that to-morrow will be as yesterday, and that as we enter the cloud that overhung the entrance of the year now drawing to a close, to meet many unexpected trials, so we are advancing to meet much in the new year that would disturb and grieve us if it were not mercifully hidden from our eyes. The experience of others leads us to do this. Many of those who began the year 1886 with us have found it stored with intense and painful in-

terest. Its course has been marked for them by events that have altered the whole tone and current of their lives, and they are carrying over into the new year memories that make up a sad outfit for a fresh start in their pilgrimage. How many, too, who began the year with us have fallen by the way! Some of us think, doubtless, that we have never lived through a year that has been so crowded with bereavements. So many faces have faded out that we shall see no more on earth! So many vacant places are left in our friendships that can never be filled this side of the grave! What has the future in keeping for us! If some keen-sighted sentinel were standing within the shadow of that mystery, piercing with his gaze the secrets of the coming year, how eagerly should we send forth to him the imploring cry: "Watchman, what of the night?" What losses for me? What trials that I need to be prepared for? What troubles in view of which I need to gird myself with strength and fortitude? Is it written for some whom I love, is it written for me, in its untold chronicle, "This year *thou* shalt die"? Dear hearer, an answer comes to your hungry heart, an answer not from such a sentinel, able to foretell the things to come, but from the sure prophecy of God's holy Word: and it says to you: "That thy trust may be in the Lord, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee." Ah, it is the only preparation we can have for that inscrutable future; and, thank God! it is an all-sufficient preparation. Faith in God, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, faith in the exceeding good and precious promises that assure us of His unchangeable love and unfailing care—this is the only possible equipment for a mortal, as he goes forward into the deep darkness of the path that opens before his feet; and it meets

all his need. Dear hearer, do you know what it is "that your trust may be in the Lord"? Have you that faith that receives and rests upon the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation as He is made known to you in the Gospel? Can you say: "I know whom I have believed"; and little as I know of that which is before me, dark and impenetrable as the cloud that hangs over my untried journey, solemn as it is to think of the things that lie there, whether in this approaching year or in some year beyond it, death, judgment, eternity begun,—yet, "knowing whom I have believed, I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day?" If not, come now and put your trust in Him. Many a time the invitation has been spoken to you, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Let it come home to you now, as the last Sabbath of the year closes, with a personal and a timely meaning that you have never seen in it before. "To thee, this day, even to thee," the Bible says: "Let thy trust be in the Lord." Jesus says: "Let thy trust be in Me." God's providence says to you, as it bids you learn the lessons of experience and observation, and see yourself a frail, defenceless being, needing so much to have the eternal God for your refuge: "Let thy trust be in Him." Oh, may the prayer of an humble, believing soul be yours this day! "Lord, I come to put my trust in Thee!" As the shades of this Sabbath close around you, say to Jesus: "Lord, I believe! I commit my soul into Thy hands, for Thou hast redeemed me. I yield myself to Thy care, for Thou hast loved me. Lord, I believe: help mine unbelief."

And what we all need to learn, dear friends, and to learn as the special lesson of this hour, is to exercise a

stronger and more habitual confidence in our heavenly Father, our blessed Saviour. Faith in God! it is the teaching of the whole Bible; it is the truth about which you hear on every Sabbath: but I think we may learn to-day to see it in the setting in which we find it just where our text states it, and to see it in the setting in which this very day presents it, in a new and instructive light. I have called your attention to the fact that our text occurs in the midst of a very practical portion of Scripture—in the Book of Proverbs; and in connection with a series of rules and regulations that concern our ordinary, every-day life. And it seems to me that the purpose of God's Holy Spirit in writing these words here is to impress upon our minds the duty of carrying this great principle of trust in the Lord into all our daily affairs. A few centuries ago—shortly after the Reformation—it became the custom in Protestant countries to place over the doors of houses and in other public places inscriptions taken from God's Word, Bible verses, reminding Christian men of their duty to God and of His presence and care in the midst of their daily employments. The Bank of England bears such an inscription to-day; but in those times many a lowly habitation and many a place of trade was consecrated by some holy truth, suited thus to instruct and to comfort: and what is more, the merchant was accustomed to write on the title-page of his ledger, and on the first line of each page, such words as these: "In the name of God"; "Our help is in the name of the Lord." Let us learn from the setting of our text, in this Book of Proverbs, where you will find, at the head of a series of teachings that relate to very homely and practical concerns—money matters, diet, good farming, family discipline, respect for parents, kind-

ness to neighbors, obedience to rulers—this great lesson of Faith: let us learn the wisdom and blessedness of acting Faith in God in all our pursuits and in all our intercourse with our fellow-men. Let us make it our prayer that in the coming year we may live as those who see Him who is invisible, and to whom the things unseen are real and precious. And then, if some day in this coming year the pen or the needle shall drop from the busy hand, the business account shall be closed, the place at the family meal and the social feast shall be vacated, the room in the home shall be darkened, O then it will be blessed to die with a trust in the Lord, blessed to be remembered as one whose trust was in the Lord!

For such a trust is—

"—— Chastening to a glorious end,
'T is pressing towards my bosom friend;
'T is meeting Him: come, Jesus, come;
'T is folding tent and reaching home.

"'T is putting on the garment white,
Preparing for the blissful sight
Of that rejoicing, glorious feast,
Which saints will share, from great to least.

"My Father, I must wait on Thee,
For Faith like this 't was bought for me;
Beneath the cross, I seek, I claim,
Such living faith in Jesus' name."

LAYS OF THE CROSS.

I.

THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

Matt. xxvii. 19.

"It was not sleep that bound my sight,
Upon that well-remembered night;
It was not fancy's fitful power,
Beguiled me in that solemn hour:
But o'er the vision of my soul
The mystic Future seemed to roll;
And in the deep prophetic trance,
Revealed its treasures to my glance.

"Before my wondering eyes there stood
A vast, a countless multitude;
The hoary sire, the prattling child,
The mother, and the maiden mild,
The gladsome youth, and man of care—
All tribes, all ages mingled there;
And all, where'er I turned to see,
In humble silence bent the knee.

"Still o'er the crowded scene I gazed:
Against the lurid eastern sky
I saw the shameful Cross upraised;
I saw the sufferer doomed to die.

'T was He whom late, with sorrowing mien,
In Zion's streets I oft had seen ;
And now, in blood and agony,
He turned a dying look on me.

" Then softly from that gathering throng
Arose the sound of solemn song ;
And while I caught the swelling lay,
The myriad voices seemed to say :
' And we believe in Him that died,
By Pontius Pilate crucified—
That He shall come, when time is fled,
To judge the living and the dead.'

" I woke :—thou wast not by my side.
I heard a loud exulting cry ;
I heard the scornful priests deride,
The Elders murmur, ' Crucify ! '
O Pilate ! hadst thou marked my prayer,
That guiltless blood to shield and spare,
That deed of horror would not be
A stain to thine—a curse to thee !

" Our scenes of early love are past ;
Our youthful spring is withered all ;
Afar from Rome our lot is cast,
Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul [1] ;
The thoughts that memory treasures yet
Of other days, begin to flee ;
But never shall my heart forget
The Crucified of Galilee ! "

[1] Pontius Pilate died in exile at Vienne, a small town near Lyons, in France.

II.

"BEHOLD YOUR KING."

John xix. 14.

By the murmuring crowd enticed,
Pilate leadeth forth the Christ,
Who, before the judgment-seat
Stands, His pending doom to meet.
Still the furious voices cry:
Crucify Him! crucify!
Pilate saith: Your Christ I bring;
Shall I crucify your King?

By the painful crown of thorns
That His royal brow adorns,
By the brittle reed He took
For a sceptre and a crook,
By the robe of purple hue,
By the homage of the Jew,
'T is a monarch that I bring;
Rebel men! behold your King!

Soon by wondering worlds confest,
In majestic splendor drest,
He shall come to rule and reign,
With the angels in His train;

Clouds of glory for His seat,
Crowns and sceptres at His feet;
Every voice His praise shall sing,
Every eye behold your King.

Jesus! in Thy human shame,
We have owned Thy kingly claim;
We the hidden God have seen
In the lowly Nazarene.
So, whene'er the opening skies
Shall reveal Thee to our eyes,
All the host of heaven shall sing:
Faithful souls! behold your King!

III.

SIMON OF CYRENE.

"They found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear His cross."

Matt. xxvii. 32.

The paschal moon, with cloudless light,
Was dawning on my pilgrim way,
When first from far Cyrene's height
In Salem's courts I came to pray.
From glittering spire and gilded dome,
I caught the bright reflected rays,
And proudly hailed my fathers' home,
With grateful vows and songs of praise.

I climbed along the rocky side,
But scarce had reached the eastern door,
When from the portals opening wide
A noisy crowd began to pour.
The Roman soldiers led the van;
The mob pursued with shout and cry;
And in their midst a captive man,
Led forth a shameful death to die.

I turned to shun the painful sight:
But soon their fainting charge to spare,

The watchful soldiers stopped my flight,
And forced the prisoner's cross to bear.
And slowly o'er the dreary road,
Beneath the strange, disgraceful load,
I followed with reluctant gait
That weary pilgrim to His fate.

Along the plain I saw Him led,
That sinking form, that drooping head,
Whose holy eyes seemed still to shine
With love all human, yet divine;
Whose gracious voice, tho' sad and faint,
Spake words of comfort, not complaint:
O never can my heart forget!
I hear Him still—I see Him yet.

And in my prospect never dim,
This rapturous hope unfading lives,
That I, who bare the Cross for Him,
Shall wear the heavenly crown He gives:
That I, who shared His earthly shame,
His radiant face at last shall see,
And worship, by a nobler name,
The Crucified of Galilee!

IV.

THE PEOPLE AT THE CROSS.

"And the people stood beholding."

Luke xxiii. 35.

While the beams of day arise
On the wondrous Sacrifice,
The dread scene of woe unfolding,
Whither look those anxious eyes
As the people stand beholding?

Onward borne in sad array
As they crowd the winding way,
Flocking forth from Zion's city,
Heard ye not the gazers say
In the low, deep tones of pity:

"Man of Sorrows, it is Thou!
Thine the sad and blood-stained brow
Where are love and anguish blended;
Man of grief, we know Thee now
On the tree of death suspended!"

Yea, within their crowded street
They have seen those wayworn feet,

And those arms their babes enfolding;
Now that eye of love they meet,
As the people stand beholding.

Wherefore in the twilight dim,
Stand ye thus afar from Him,
While the hours of grace are going,
And from brow and side and limb
Streams of life and love are flowing?

Lamb of God! so let it be
That Thy grace may shelter me,
In that hour my soul upholding
When all flesh Thy might shall see,
And the people stand beholding!

V.

THE SOLDIERS AT THE CROSS.

"And sitting down they watched Him there."

Matt. xxvii. 36.

What weary work has worn your strength,
  Ye men of sin and war;
That sitting down ye rest at length,
  Your morning labor o'er:
And wistfully on Calvary's side
Ye watch the Cross and Crucified?

Your hands have nailed the quivering limb,
  Have pierced the throbbing side;
Your lips have cast the taunt on Him
  Who pardoned while He died:
Then rest you from your toil and care,
As, sitting down, ye watch Him there.

Yet bring not ye the sword and spear
  To mock the Prince of Peace,
Their dread employ, that triumphs here,
  At His behest shall cease.
And War shall stay her ruthless tide
To watch the Cross and Crucified.

But rest you near the Peaceful One,
  Ye men of blood and war;
'T was fit that such a deed were done
  By hands defiled with gore:
'T was fit that hearts unused to spare
Should harden while ye watched Him there.

Yet Thou! whose cleansing blood hath grace
  For all that watch and pray,
Thou couldst not spurn from Thine embrace
  The soul that owned Thy sway:
When standing near Thy cross amazed
  One trembling soldier saw and praised.[1]

I, too, my Lord, have shared the guilt
  That stained that murderous band;
So, near that stream of healing spilt
  By this polluted hand,
I, too, would cast the arms I bear,
And worship as I watch Thee there!

[1] Mark xv. 39.

VI.

THE WOMEN AT THE CROSS.

"The women that followed Him from Galilee stood beholding."

Luke xxiii. 49.

The wondering crowds have fled,
The People, struck with strange dismay,
Have smote the breast and turned away
To leave the sacred Dead:
And none remain to watch save ye
Who followed Him from Galilee.

The guards, in silence grim,
With trembling awe and gaze intent,
Have looked on Him whose flesh they rent,
And mourned because of Him:
And none remain to weep save ye
Who followed Him from Galilee.

Ye women, sad and few!
I fain, with voice of grief outpoured,
Would linger near the dying Lord,
To watch and weep with you:
But first my daily task must be
To follow Him from Galilee.

Along the lengthening way,
Through paths His wayworn feet have blest,
This welcome hope shall cheer my breast
For many a toilsome day:
That so my pilgrim work shall be
To follow Him from Galilee.

And when Thy voice shall raise
The quickened dead to life and doom;
When wondering guards shall burst the tomb,
And crowds affrighted gaze;
With these, O Jesus! number me,
Who followed first from Galilee.

VII.

BEARING THE CROSS.

I saw the Lord with painful steps and slow
To Calvary's height His weary course begin;
His bending shoulders bore the Cross of sin;
His fainting spirit carried all our woe;
I saw the priests in cruel triumph go;
The careless soldiers hemmed their prisoner in,
Whose pallid brow, whose visage marred and thin,
The curious crowds with sorrowing pity know.
"My suffering Lord!" with trembling voice I cried,
When first that wounded form I chanced to see:
"To me, to me, Thy shameful load confide;
Be mine the bliss to bear the Cross for Thee!"
"Nay, zealous child," my gracious Lord replied,
"Bear thou thy cross, and come and follow Me."

"DOMINE, QUO VADIS?"

(A legend of the martyrdom of St. Peter.)

A small church by the Appian Way
Stands desolate and old,
And I paused a moment there to-day
To hear its story told.

The old church hath a curious name,
And I asked the sacristan
What the words were for, that its portal bore,
When thus the answer ran :

" It was a time of sword and flame,
And many a martyr bled ;
And many that wore the Christian name
From rack and faggot fled.
They fled, and was it shame to fly,
When the Faith had lost its home,
Nor a shelter found in caves underground
Where worshipped the saints of Rome ?

" Forth by the Appian Gate at night
An old man trembling passed ;
His hair was white, and his long beard white,
And his face with fear aghast.
It was that holy saint of Christ,
To whom He had left His flock ;
That head and chief, on whose belief
He had built as on a rock.

" He went, for prayers had overborne
His choice to stay and die ;
And tender hands of love had shorn
The martyr's courage high.
And he whose burning zeal had nerved
The feeblest for the stake,
Must yield the crown that was hovering down
For younger hands to take.

" So quickly on the old man went,
And he hastened in his flight ;

But why so sudden paused, and bent
His gaze into the night?
A vision through the distance dark,
A form of light advanced,
And with steady pace, it neared the place
Where the saint stood still entranced.

"The old man knelt, as he had need,
For he shook that he could not stand:
But the luminous form came on with speed,
As if to pass by at his hand.
'Oh! whither goest Thou, my Lord?'
He cried with a bitter moan;
For he could not brook the sad, stern look
That was fastened on his own.

"Then the sweet voice of the Lord arose:
'I am going to Rome,' it said,
'To be crucified afresh, for those
Who have left my Cross, and fled.'
And the vision died on the thin night-air,
As the words came soft and calm;
And the saint went back to the dungeon and rack,
And got him his martyr's palm."

The friars who this tale repeat,
Will show you to this day
The impress of those blessed feet,
Where they trod the Appian Way.
But more to me these words avouch,
Than relics for ages adored:
As I murmur them still, like a charm they thrill,
"Whither goest Thou, my Lord?"

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